

MOTION PICTURE

January

15¢
FORMERLY
25 CENTS
IN CANADA 20¢



JOAN CRAWFORD

by

MARLAND
STONE

THE CRIME OF THE DAY IN HOLLYWOOD



She couldn't

BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as Grammar School days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months..."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me... breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me... put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet...

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York...?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why*? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could. The subject was too delicate.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are already present.

Its commonest cause is ferment-



ing food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, both a major cause of odors. Then it destroys the

odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields

You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the ONION yields to it!

Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!



Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!



Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!



If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!



Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage...



It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"—and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and your smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning

the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to

pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. HH-14
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



12 STAR TRIUMPH!

Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

★ MARIE DRESSLER
★ JOHN BARRYMORE
★ WALLACE BEERY
★ JEAN HARLOW
★ LIONEL BARRYMORE
★ LEE TRACY
★ EDMUND LOWE
★ BILLIE BURKE
★ MADGE EVANS ★ KAREN MORLEY
★ JEAN HERSHOLT ★ PHILLIPS HOLMES



DINNER *at*



"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama... the fallen matinee idol... the millionaire's frivolous wife... the amorous doctor of the idle rich... stolen hours of romance... each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!



Screen play by
Frances Marion
and Herman J.
Mankiewicz.
From the Sam H.
Harris stage play
by GEORGE S.
KAUFMAN &
EDNA FERBER

Produced by
David O. Selznick
Directed by
George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

Motion Picture

JANUARY
1 9 3 4

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Second Year
Volume XLVI, No. 6



JOAN CRAWFORD Dances Out The Old Year

Joan, who once was "The Dancing Daughter," has now become "The Dancing Lady"—and between those two titles lies the story of a great change. For the girl who once played a flippant flapper now plays a dramatic danseuse.

And for Joan to be dancing out the old year, dancing in the new, seems appropriate. 1933 has seen the end of one great romance for her; perhaps 1934 will bring her a romance that won't end. This past year, she has made only one picture ("To-Day We Live"), besides her present one. Perhaps next year will find her busier. Perhaps it will be a Happy New Year.

Anyway, here's hoping, Joan!

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Cover Design of Joan Crawford Painted By MARLAND STONE

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DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—the hero of *The Song of Songs* is expected back from abroad soon—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Angel, Heather—playing the heroine in *7 Lives Were Changed*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—playing in *The House of Rothschild*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Astaire, Fred—dancing Broadway star recently completed rôle in Joan Crawford's picture *The Dancing Lady*—made film début in *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *Madame Spy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *Cross Country Cruise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Baer, Max—recently completed the rôle of the handsome prizefighter in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Long Lost Father*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *The Vinegar Tree*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Massacre*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—recently completed *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Viva Villa!*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—making her first musical picture, *Moulin Rouge*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—recently finished *Little Women* and has temporarily retired to await a Blessed Event—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—recently completed *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—ready to start work on *Hell's Bells*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Fox Movie-tone Follies*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—recently completed her second comeback picture, *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brady, Alice—playing in *The Vinegar Tree*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brent, George—recently completed *From Headquarters*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Shadows of Sing Sing*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Gallant Lady*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

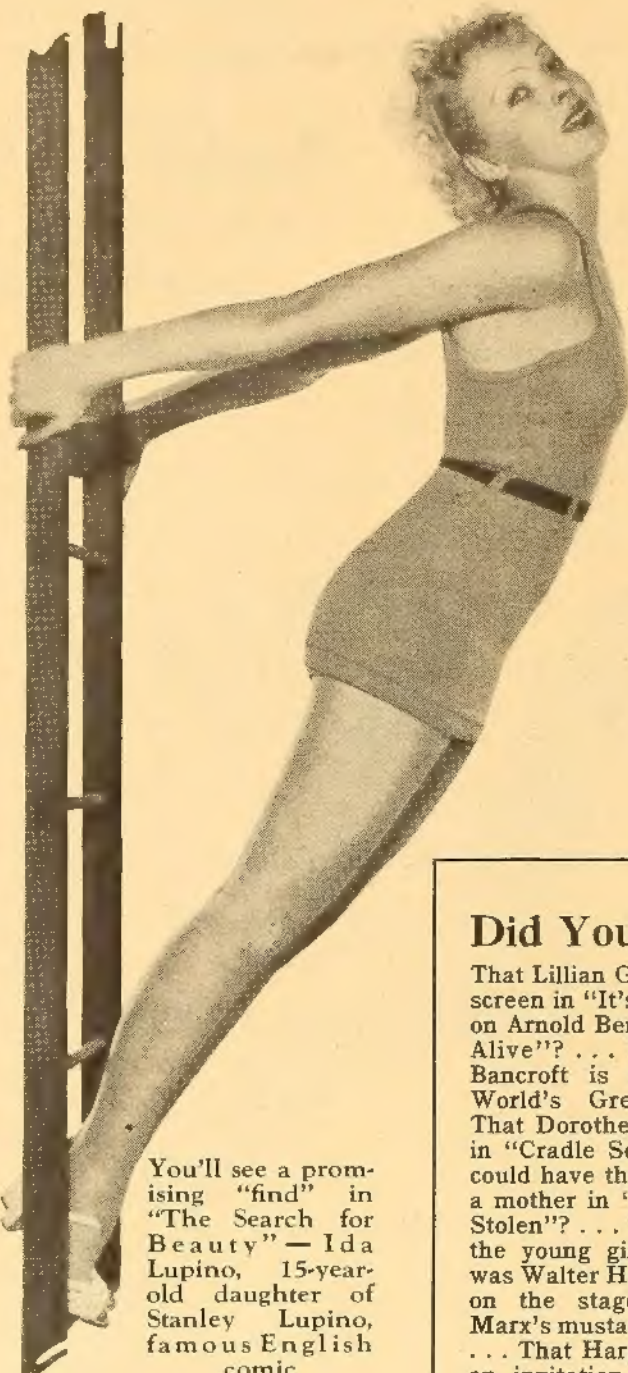
Brown, Joe E.—about to do *A Very Honorable Guy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Burke, Billie—recently completed *Only Yesterday*. Is scheduled to make *The Great Ziegfeld*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cabot, Bruce—playing in *Shadows of Sing Sing*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, Bill—Jimmy's brother is scheduled for *Sweet Cheat*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—recently completed *Lady Killer* and scheduled for *Heir Chaser*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.



You'll see a promising "find" in "The Search for Beauty"—Ida Lupino, 15-year-old daughter of Stanley Lupino, famous English comic

Cantor, Eddie—recently completed *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charlie—starting new comedy at United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—scheduled to make *The Journal of Crime*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—on his return from abroad may make *The Merry Widow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Girl Without a Room*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—recently completed her rôle opposite James Cagney in *Lady Killer*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—again being directed by Cecil De Mille in *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—recently completed *Partners*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Mandalay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Crabbe, Buster—playing in *The Search for Beauty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *The Dancing Lady*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—recently completed his rôle in Clara Bow's *Hoopla*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Crosby, Bing—singing to Marion Davies in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cummings, Constance—edges close to stardom in the recently released *Broadway Through a Keyhole*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *Counsellor At Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *King of Fashion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—scheduled for a rôle in the Al Jolson picture, *Wonder Bar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—back from abroad and starting *Catherine The Great*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—latest release *Day of Reckoning*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—scheduled to co-star with Jean Harlow in *Living in a Big Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Fox Movie-tone Follies*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—scheduled to start on *Age of Innocence*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in *Massacre*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Eilers, Sally—scheduled for *Disillusion*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin, Stuart—playing title rôle in *Joe Palooka*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Transcontinental Bus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Symphony in Purple* abroad, to be released through United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr.—starting on new career as producer in England; will release through United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—may be again co-starred with Janet Gaynor in *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *Hi, Nellie*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ford, Wallace—recently completed *East of Fifth Avenue*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *7 Lives Were Changed*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 14)

Did You Know--

That Lillian Gish is returning to the screen in "It's a Wise Wife," based on Arnold Bennett's novel, "Buried Alive"? . . . That thrifty George Bancroft is about to play "The World's Greatest Spender" . . . That Dorothea Wieck, who proved in "Cradle Song" that even a nun could have the maternal instinct, is a mother in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"? . . . That Evelyn Venable, the young girl of "Cradle Song," was Walter Hampden's leading lady on the stage? . . . That Groucho Marx's mustache is only painted on? . . . That Harpo Marx has accepted an invitation to show Russia his pantomime in person? . . . That George Raft and Jack La Rue will both be in "The Trumpet Blows"?

♦ Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here ♦

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda)



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN • ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER • LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA • W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER • RAYMOND
HATTON • EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON • ROSCOE KARNs • MAE
MARSH • POLLY MORAN • JACK
OAKIE • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAY
ROBSON • CHARLIE RUGGLES • ALISON

SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod

ALICE meets the Durnass (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Seale)



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher)



ALICE choice from 6000 candidates for the part



If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE... It's the Best Show in Town

The MOVIE CIRCUS

Motion Picture

presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By

FRANK MORLEY

THE two events of the month which bulk the largest locally are one of which the Cinemanians disapprove—the suggestion that picture salaries be coded—and one which they welcome, the release of another picture with Mae West, the smoothie who is catnip to box-offices. Sort of a bigger and darker month, as it were.

THE West premiere was one of the most gala since the never-to-be-forgotten first night of "Hell's Angels." Everyone turned out very elegantly, the streets were packed with thousands of onlookers, and W. C. Fields arrived in a beer truck. What we thought was most amusing, however, was the little microphone speech by little Mrs. Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge to you.

"They had a terrible time naming this picture," Arline vouchsafed. "At first they didn't know whether to call it 'Hips, Hips, Hooray,' or 'Who's Afraid of the Ten Commandments?'"

The one person we feel sort of sorry for in this whole tremendous West vogue is the tall, dark and handsome fellow called Cary Grant. That is, of course, if anyone has the right to feel sorry for such a well-favored young man. But we take the right occasionally, watching the grim smile with which he acknowledges the invitation that he may be hearing for the rest of his life. "Why don't you c'm up 'n' see me sometime?" Cary is asked over and over and over by what seems to be half the English-speaking population.

Harpo Marx put it, "You Moscow up etc." and scampered off to Russia. And just in time, if you ask us.

Cary is a genial gent, however, and accepts his ribbing gracefully. If it is a lady, he agrees readily. His somewhat mysterious reply to the men is, "Ah, a brother Elk."

ONE of the boys who labors at the same studio as the Grant-West duo had a bit of battery trouble the other day and found his car stalled at the bottom of a hill. Brooding over the situation, he looked around at a "hail," to discover Mae giving him the merry-merry. The blonde Venus then changed the position of her car and shoved the halted one to the crest of the hill from whence it was able to descend and get started again.

The next day the publicity chap started to thank Mae for the service, but she waved him away. "Just a push-over," quoth she.

FOR the quick retort, so far as that goes, there is nothing especially backward about our little friend Harlow. A couple of nights ago Jean was made one of Grauman's elect, the prints of her hands and feet being set

FOR a good smack-'em-down sally, however, I suppose the leading lady wise-cracker is the incomparable Polly Moran, the little night-club flower, herself. Polly was cutting up touches with some of the boys at a late spot t'other evening, and began to tell of the elaborate blende head-dress she had worn for a scene that day.

"I had a hairdresser and everything," she boasted. "I felt like Garbo. Usually I let my hair run wild—all four of them!"

MAYBE you'd like to know, speaking of night places, just who the town's principal stay-outs are? Well, in event you do, we ought to start with Mrs. Dunn's Jimmy, that gay scamp who sends early morning wires to find out if his girls are in yet. Then there is George Raft, Wally Ford, Don Cook, Bruce Cabot, Larry Hart (of Rodgers and Hart), Max Baer, Charlie MacArthur—plotting against some friend's peace of mind—and Spencer Tracy, who gets lachrymose over torch songs.

As for the girls—but that would be too long a list. Whoever heard of a Hollywood girl wanting to go home?

AS a matter of fact, the stay-up places are having a great season. A new club, the Clover, is even sweller than the Colony—which is saying something, my friends—and a half-dozen others are only somewhat less swank. The play spots like the Ballyhoo, La Boheme, the Cotton Club, the Airport Gardens, the Ship, the Barn—as well as those cute joints which feature people who can't quite make up their minds which sex they want to belong to—are all busy singing that rousing refrain, "The Road Is Open Again."



Tunbridge—London

in cement for the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre. As this was a pretty ultra occasion, the ceremony took place on the stage. Everything went well, until the cement suddenly took an amorous turn and decided not to let go of the Harlow foot.

Rapidly there developed what is known as a tense situation, with much scurrying about and whispered suggestions.

The imprisoned lady calmly watched the efforts to free her, while the audience had the time of its well-known life. Then Jean turned and said: "If they don't do something about this thing pretty quick, it looks as if I'll have to take it home with me!"

Whereupon, perhaps in shame, the cement loosened its hold.

Hollywood is begging its Wandering Boy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to come home—but he seems to be having a good time in England, playing a young Czar and making eyes at Diane Napier in "Catherine the Great." Next, he and Doug, Sr., are going to co-star in a "Zorro" story

beginning to care when they are run down by automobiles."

STILL, there remain a few signs of the late, but not lamented depression. One is a sign posted by a local charitable organization. "What do you do with your old clothes? Don't let the moths eat them when men and women are hungry!"

(Continued on page 69)

Naturally.... Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first laugh hit!....



Hilarity whoops across the seven seas as millions cheer the home-wrecking, girl-necking knave of the navy, Barnacle Brown the Sailor! Thrills by the dozen . . . beauties by the score . . . laughs by the hundred . . . and the one, only and original Joe E. Brown — another great favorite you see only in pictures made by Warner Bros. — "The Star Company"!

● A First National Picture with Frank McHugh • Jean Muir • Thelma Todd • Johnny Mack Brown • Sheila Terry • Directed by Lloyd Bacon



Joe E. Brown in "SON OF A SAILOR"



YOUR GOSSIP TEST



Wide World

By MARION MARTONE

1. If you know your movies, you'll have no trouble guessing who most of the celebrities pictured above are. How many can you name?
2. The daughter of what famous screen star will portray her own mother as a child on the screen?
3. What film star will hereafter be known by her husband's name, instead of the name under which she won screen fame, if the company to which she is under contract consents?
4. Do you know the movie player who is suing one of the major studios for \$1,000,000?
5. What stage and screen character actor was recently charged with desertion by his wife?
6. Can you name the two screen personalities who were married on October 20?
7. Which recently married motion picture director is being sued for \$100,000 in a heart-balm suit?
8. Who was the most surprised person in Hollywood when a popular screen comédienne announced that she had been married?
9. Why did Dorothy Jordan withdraw from the cast of the picture, "Wild Birds"?
10. Do you know the man in whom Greta Garbo has recently shown a great personal interest?
11. What is the name of the film star who died in a California sanatorium after an illness of three years?
12. Can you name the screen star who has started divorce proceedings after a marriage of only four months?
13. An old romance of pre-talkie days between what two motion picture stars has been revived?
14. The much-looked-for wedding of which Hollywood couple took place on October 8 at Las Vegas, Nevada?
15. Whose budding romance was unearthed when he was taken to a hospital, suffering from severe injuries, following an auto smash-up?
16. Do you know the picture player who, if all reports are true, will be married by the time you read this?
17. Who is the film actress who was married again less than twenty-four hours after getting a divorce?
18. Can you name the star who may be teamed with Janet Gaynor in her next picture, "The House of Connelly"?
19. What famous screen comedian was reported to have paid \$20,000 ransom to kidnapers?

(Answers to these Questions on page 78)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—Do You?

*Ablaze in the cinema heavens!
Two shining stars in two brilliant*

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS

EDDIE CANTOR

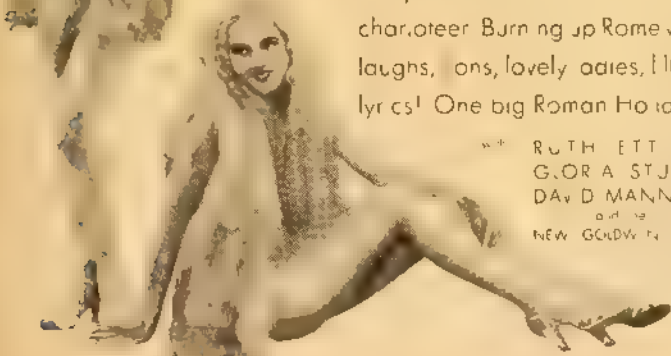
in



"ROMAN SCANDALS"

Your Eddie. Our Eddie. Every-
body's Eddie. Now a crashing
character. Burning up Rome with
laughs, songs, lovely ladies, filling
lyrics! One big Roman Holiday.

with RUTH ETTING
GLORIA STUART
DAVID MANNERS
and the
NEW GOLDWYN CAST



Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



GLAMOROUS
FASCINATING

Anna Sten

in

"NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of
voluptuousness from Zola's
magic pages, she has a look
magnificently matching her
superb artistry. America
awaits with expectant interest,
this, her first American picture.





The unexpected brings out those well-concealed emotions. No one guessed of a Lyle Talbot-Judith Allen romance till he was injured in an auto accident! Recovered now, he is opposite Kay Francis in "Mandalay"

LETTERS

FROM OUR

READERS

\$10.00 Letter

Screen Players Should Serve Apprenticeships

CHICAGO, ILL. — The idea of casting half baked young men and women in important parts without sufficient background, education, training, and experience, and expecting finished performances is ridiculous. Yet the public expects just this; raises some handsome or beautiful imbecile to stardom after one picture, and then wonders why the so called star is a flop in his or her next picture.

Skill and finesse in any profession results only after years of training, hard work, and experience. Besides, some natural ability must be present. We do not expect a doctor or lawyer to be an outstanding success without this background. Why look for the impossible from the young people of the screen — embryonic performers.

The producers are at fault for rushing these young people along too quickly, building them up with false ballyhoo, and then throwing them to the lions.

The public has been trained to want mere youth and physical beauty in its stars, but it can be taught to demand acting ability as the primary requirement of a movie star.

The remedy is the establishment of the apprenticeship system under which fundamentals would be taught and mastered. Only minor parts would be allotted until the youngsters were ready for important parts.

Such a plan would restore to our finished actors and actresses the positions they deserve and would certainly improve the caliber of present day pictures.

William Jay Collins

\$5.00 Letter

Best Stage Plays Via the Screen

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — One of the finest developments in the movies is

the making of stage plays into pictures. During the past two or three years the theatre has been beyond the means of vast numbers of people, but with the movies producing the best and most popular plays, a grateful public flocks to see them. I have in mind three recent pictures: "Reunion in Vienna," "Another Language," "When Ladies Meet."

At all three showings, which I attended, the houses were filled with keenly appreciative audiences and I have heard many comments from people expressing their pleasure in being able to see these high-grade plays through the medium of the screen. A noteworthy fact is the splendid material available for these productions. John Barrymore, Helen Hayes and Ann Harding are able to fill the part of any stage character required of them. And the late Louise Closser Hale's splendid interpretation of the mother in "Another Language" will long remain a beautiful tribute to her memory.

I trust that the producers will expend further efforts toward bringing the best plays, through the motion pictures, to an eager and responsive public.

Miss Lelah Cosner

Honorable Mention

Flaws Detract From Reality

BROOKLYN, N. Y. — I love the movies. And, ordinarily, I respond to them emotionally rather than critically. But there are times when certain incongruities creep into a picture which disturb and annoy.

For instance that admirable vehicle, "Mary Stevens, M.D.," so ably acted by Kay Francis. On her return to America, after the death of her baby, Mary Stevens is given a powder to induce sleep. One notes during this sequence that sorrow has left its mark in the form of a streak of grey, about an inch in width, running through her hair. Awakening five hours later, Mary Stevens, M.D. gives proof of the miracle sleep hath wrought. For lo, her hair is once again restored to its former state of blackness.

\$20.00 Letter

Narrating On Screen Is Annoying

SHIVELY, KY. — Narrating is a keen disappointment to me if the picture "The Power and the Glory" is a fair sample of it.

The story probably was a powerful one — a fact lost upon me entirely while I floundered about trying to keep up with the meaning of a maze of scenes flashing back and forth from age to youth and youth to age. This method of presenting events proved most annoying and wrecked my concentration on the unfolding of the story, said concentration being further disturbed by the droning voice of a speaker who was seldom seen.

Even in travelogues, we put up with the unpleasant effect of a voice emanating from an unseen source merely because we know explanatory remarks are necessary, but we prefer that other forms of motion pictures be presented to us in such a way that we can grasp the meaning without being told. Most moviegoers are adults, you know, fully capable of seeing, hearing and deducting.

And to top off all the irritating features of this picture it must needs open with a funeral! Could anything be more depressing or more likely to put the audience in an unresponsive mood? Narrating is awful.

Clara J. S. Cox

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

And in that otherwise pleasing picture "Peg O' My Heart" Marion Davies as Peg is first seen with her father hauling in the fish they presumably have just caught. Peg is garbed in baggy trousers and wears a huge rubber hat upon her head. Imagine my astonishment then, to see that somewhere this charming little colleen had learned the trick of tweezing eyebrows into a single sophisticated line.

Such flaws in pictures as these trivial as they seem, detract from the illusion of reality. What can be done about it?

Ethel Sack

Humor in the Movies

STATE COLLEGE, PENNA. It's easy enough to make people cry but mighty hard to make them laugh. I've sat through many a slap-stick farce that must have cost a lot watching the actors trying vainly to get even a grin out of the audience with their machine-made humor. On the other hand I've rocked in a gale of merriment with the rest at Marie Dressler in "Prosperity" telling Polly Moran she had just eaten a pickle out of the jar the cat fell in, at Will Rogers in the character of Doctor Bull, "raising the tune" in a thin voice in the village choir at Walt Disney's little pigs forgetting about the big, bad wolf, at Wallace Beery carrying out the kittens from his home in "The Bowery" at Henry the Eighth teetering upstairs, trying to get past the guards to the room of his lady love. The reason these situations are funny is because they are *real* not the extravagant cooked-up hokum of the poorer comedies. I should think more producers would realize the merit of simple, homely, inexpensive things we are all familiar with. Why won't they admit you can lead the audience to a joke but you cannot make them laugh?

Wm. H. R. Gordon

Best Friend of the Poor

NEW YORK, N. Y. —Others may sing the praises of the palatial movie temples, like Roxy's, the Radio City Music Hall etc. I want to pay homage to the lowly ten-cent movie tucked away in the ghettos of the big cities.

What a boon they have been to us jobless, sometimes homeless human beings in these depression years. What better use can we make of an extra dime (how seldom, alas, we get this extra dime) than spend it in one of these movie houses? There we can forget our miseries for three, sometimes, four hours of glamour in front of the magic silver screen. For these houses are generous to us unemployed. They give us two full length features, a travelogue, a newsreel, a comedy, and Mickey Mouse!

Sylvia Royce

Read the Reviews!

NEW HAVEN, CONN. The great majority of mothers who criticize the movies for the wrong ideas they are putting in Little Willy's or Jane's head really need a good healthy dose of criticism, themselves. They give generously of their time and thought to their child's physical welfare, but when it comes to selecting the movies that help form his standards of behavior,

(Continued on page 63)

Millions have made a pleasant discovery!

MILLIONS of families have made a pleasant discovery! They have found that a delicious bit of chocolate—Ex-Lax—is as effective as *any* violent cathartic. And is far more pleasant to take and gentle in action.

So now, when it's time to take a laxative, all hands—all ages—reach for the little blue box of Ex-Lax, the chocolate laxative.

No need for any other Laxative

So *many* people write us every day about Ex-Lax! They tell us how grateful they are that they don't have to fight with their children when "laxative time" comes... that Ex-Lax serves every member of the family.

Big brother Tom on the football team finds that gentle Ex-Lax keeps him regular as no violent cathartic ever did. And brother Jim, the salesman, never packs his suitcase without seeing that the

convenient little blue box is there. No spoons! No bottles to bother with! From grandma to grandson, the merits of Ex-Lax have been passed down from generation to generation.

Ex-Lax, the perfect Laxative

Ex-Lax works over-night, without over-action. No embarrassment! No stomach pains! And to the taste it's just a bit of delicious chocolate.

Clean out that clutter of purgatives in your medicine cabinet! Replace them with the little blue box of Ex-Lax. And when you—or another of the family—"need something", just take an Ex-Lax or two! See how fine you feel in the morning!

In 10c and 25c sizes at all druggists. Or, if you wish a free sample, write Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. MP 14, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, New York.



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Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, salow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons with out bad after effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take mgltly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 6)

Foster, Preston playing in *Woman and the Law*—Fox Studios 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay playing in *Monday First*—National Studios Burbank, Cal.

Gable, Clark scheduled to appear in *Yacht Buy*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta playing new type role in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gargan, William playing in *Foot Foot Foot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet starting work on *The House of Comedy*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne scheduled for *Success Story*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John reunited with Garbo as co-leading man in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant Cary playing in *Run to Be Run*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Haley, Jack in mile Broadway comic starting with *Jack Haley*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil playing in *Person in the Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann playing in *Queen Kelly*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean scheduled to co-star with Marie Dressler in *Laughing on the Beach*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harvey, Lilian now making *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen playing in stage in *My Sister Sam*. Next picture will be *Wine, Women and Knowledge*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Henry, Charlotte—she is the girl who won the coveted title in *The Sign of the Cross*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing in *Trapper John*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—recently completed role of Anna Sten's leading man in *Vanya*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack recently completed *Mary of Men*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam playing in *The Girl in the Red Velvet Shoes*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopton, Russell recently completed his role in *Dark of the Moon*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Howard, Leslie scheduled for *Big Boy*—in return from England—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hudson, Rochelle recently completed role of Will Rogers' sister in *My Sister Sam*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hume, Benita—working abroad after completing *The Girl in the Red Velvet Shoes*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter playing in *Rabbit*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila playing in *The Pickwick*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Jolson, Al back in the screen in *Wonder Bar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jones, Buck recently completed *Queen of the Clouds*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy recently completed *My Sister Sam* and has temporarily retired to await a second feature—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Miriam playing in *Foot Foot Foot*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jory, Victor—working on *Yacht Buy*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Karloff, Boris scheduled for *The Raven*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—working with Dick Powell in *Foot Foot Foot*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kelton, Pert—starting with *Zerk*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy playing in *Monday First*—National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kirkland, Muriel—working with Anna Sten same company—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Knight, June—playing in *Foot Foot Foot*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kruger, Otto playing in *The Comback*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Landi, Elissa playing in *My Sister Sam*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

LaRue, Jack playing in *My Sister Sam*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles back in England for a winter on the stage after finishing *The Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lederer, Francis—romantic young Czech makes his screen debut in *My Sister Sam*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—recently completed her role in *Pardners*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lightner, Winnie—back on the screen once more in the recently completed picture *My Sister Sam*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lindsay, Margaret—recently completed *Foot Foot Foot*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—starting work on *My Sister Sam*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—recently completed *White Heat*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—scheduled for *Bombay Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—recently completed *The Princess and the Pea*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—vacationing in Europe after completing *My Sister Sam*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lyons, Ben playing in *The Comback*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacDonald, Jeanette—co-starring with Ramon Novarro in *The Girl in the Red Velvet Shoes*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mack, Helen playing in *My Sister Sam*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—Ed Wynn's leading lady in *The Chief*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacMahon, Aline—scheduled to start on *The Happy Family*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric playing in *My Sister Sam*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maritz, Sari—just completed her role in *The Right to Romance*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marshall, Herbert—one of the *Four Frighten*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marx Brothers—recently completed *Duck Soup*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—scheduled to make *Girl Meets Boy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—scheduled for *No More Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *Lady to Lady*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *My Sister Sam*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Douglass—playing in *Foot Foot Foot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Transatlantic*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—scheduled for *Social Register*—Eastern Service Studios, Astoria, N. Y.

Moran, Polly—playing with May Robson in *Comin' Round*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—recently completed *King of the Air*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Muir, Jean—scheduled to make *The Fair*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Muni, Paul—playing in *My Sister Sam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—appearing on stage. Latest release, *My Sister Sam*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—recently returned from abroad after making *My Sister Sam* with Jan Kiepura, in Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—now making *The Girl in the Red Velvet Shoes* with Jeanette MacDonald—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Oakie, Jack—playing in *My Sister Sam*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—about to start on *My Sister Sam*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *My Sister Sam*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—with Johnny Weissmuller in *My Sister Sam*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Parker, Jean—plays feminine lead in *Valhalla*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—looking for a story for a new picture—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—co-starring with Pert Kelton in *Once Upon a Time*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, Dick—about to sing to Ruby Keeler again in *Sweetheart's Fortune*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *King of Fashion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Raft, George—playing in *Al of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rains, Claude—tames Broadway actor makes a sensational film debut in *The Invisible Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—plays opposite Lillian Harvey in *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—scheduled for the role of Nathan in *First National*—Burbank, Cal.

Rohson, May—playing in *Common Round*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rogers, Buddy—recently completed *Lake of China*—Eastern Service Studios, Astoria, N.Y.

Rogers, Ginger—playing in *Sing Boy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *My Sketch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—recently completed rôle opposite Constance Bennett in *After Tonight*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Roulien, Raul—the Brazilian singing star recently completed *For the Love of Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Scott, Randolph—playing in *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—scheduled to make *Rip Tide*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—back from abroad and scheduled to make *Riviera*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Skipworth, Alison—playing in *See of a Kind*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—scheduled to start on *Boat of China*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Sten, Anna—Russian star makes her American debut in *Army*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stevens, Onslow—playing in *Bombay Mail*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Stone, George E.—playing with Wallace Beery in *Life of a Fool*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *I Like It That Way*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Sullivan, Margaret—young stage actress makes screen debut as star of *Oh! Yesterday*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Taylor, Kent—playing in *Cathleen*—The City with Marlene Dietrich—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—back from Broadway and in *The Unholy Three*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing with Adolphe Menjou in *Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—playing in *Song of the West*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tone, Franchot—playing opposite Constance Bennett in *Woman of the Year*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Love of the Century*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Double Shocker*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Trevor, Claire—young newcomer gets a big break playing opposite James Dunn in *Jimmy and Sally*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *King of the Navy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Jo Palooka*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Vinson, Helen—recently completed *Is Hushan Is*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

West, Mae—her next picture will be called *I Am a Soldier*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—playing in *Cross Country Cruise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Wick, Dorothea—playing in *Miss Fane's Baby*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—recently completed *Bedside*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

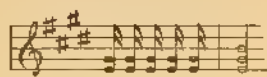
Wray, Fay—playing in *Madame Spy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Wynyard, Diana—scheduled for *The Paradise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Young, Loretta—playing in *Born to Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—scheduled for *The House of Cards*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"



PLEASE LET ME TURN OFF
THE RADIO, AUNT VI
I USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT
THAT SONG BUT NOW....

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"?
WHY, DEAR, DOES IT REMIND
YOU OF SOMEONE?



OH, I SUPPOSE SO... A MAN
I MET ON MY VACATION HAD
DINNER WITH HIM IN TOWN
AFTERWARDS—JUST ONCE

ATTENTIVE OUTDOORS—
INDIFFERENT INDOORS!!
WAS THE RESTAURANT
CROWDED AND
STUFFY? DID
YOU DANCE?



YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO
DO WITH ANDY'S DROPPING ME?

SIMPLY THIS, DEAR,
TO BE VERY FRANK...



YOU SAY HE MIGHT NOT
NOTICE IT OUT IN THE AIR,
BUT INSIDE... WHY,
AUNT VI, YOU CAN'T MEAN
I'VE BEEN GUILTY OF "B.O."

JUST A
HINT, DEAR



LIFEBUOY'S THE
NICEST SOAP!
MAKES ME FEEL
SO FRESH AND
CLEAN. NO "B.O."
NOW!



FOUND — one lost sweetheart!
(since Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")

SO THIS IS
YOUR ANDY

YOU BET I'M
HER ANDY.
FOR KEEPS!



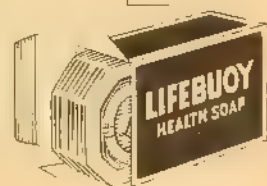
"YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY RAVISHING"

WANT your complexion to win compliments like this? Wash with Lifebuoy nightly - watch skin clear and freshen. Lifebuoy lather deep-cleanses pores. Leaves skin free to breathe - free to grow lovely!



"I OWE IT ALL
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"B.O." never warns Any one of us may unknowingly offend. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, quickly vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deodorizes pores — stops "B.O." (body odor).



TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

Age of Aces—Believed a wartime coward by his name, Richard Dix enlists in the aviation corps. The title tells the rest of the familiar story, which doesn't do Dix justice. (RKO)

After Tonight—Another war story, but without any battle scenes, revealing Constance Bennett as a Russian spy who loves an Austrian officer (Gilbert Roland). The story isn't new, but they make it suspenseful and sizzling. Previewed as "The Woman Spy." (RKO)



John Boles and Margaret Sullivan, brilliant newcomer, make "Only Yesterday" a great story of a secret, but undying love

Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men—Charles Farrell returns to the screen and undergoes a notable change. At first genteel, as of old, he is changed by pugnaress Wynne Gibson into a two-tailed rival of her friend, William Cagney. Robust, lively comedy. (RKO)

Ann Vickers—The movies and Irene Dunne do reasonably right by Sinclair Lewis' portrait of an ardent feminist who wanted a career more than love—with Walter Huston excellent as the man who changes her mind. (RKO)

Berkeley Square—A delicate fantasy of a young modern who is whisked back to the XVIII Century into a romantic ancestor's shoes, into an undying romance. Only Leslie Howard could have played it. Heather Angel is the girl he can't forget. (Fox)

The Bowery—Here are the 1890's in all their glory, at their colorful, best and their amusing worst. Wallace Beery and George Raft are each determined to be the Bowery's big shot, and take a cooper joins the scrap. (A)

Bureau of Missing Persons—An exciting melodrama and Leedy comedy combined, revolving around the hunt for the mysterious missing. Fred O'Brien and Bette Davis figure most prominently. (Fox)

Chance at Heaven—A human little triage story about The McCreas elopes with wealthy Marian Niven, who doesn't prove to be the real part that is revealed sweetheart Ginger Rogers, in a lovely picture, well done. (RKO)

Charlie Chan's Greatest Case—Honolulu's famed detective does his oriental ingenuity to solve two baffling murder mysteries that should have baffling Warner Oland's more suave and clever. (Fox)

The Chief—Again the 1890's, with Ed Wynn a character from whose ambition to become both a comedian and a chief. It's his appeal to the audience in your taste for Ed Wynn, who has a splendid and amusing stooge. (MGM)

Christopher Bean—A quiet, human little comedy about a boy's parting of a dead artist, who had been a Broadway failure. (MGM)

Deluge—It's a story of a terrific, breath-taking flood that comes down upon a town with a vengeance. A magnificent work of Peggy Stearns. (RKO)

Dinner at Eight—A group of people who see their lives suddenly changed in a great flash.

great possibilities for comedy, tragedy, melodrama and irony, all of which are realized by a great cast including Joan and Leone Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, et al. (MGM)

Doctor Bull—Will Rogers does his best acting to date in an easygoing down-to-earth (and a ter sketch of an easygoing down-to-earth country doctor, who has to battle not only disease but his neighbors. (Fox)

Duck Soup—The Four Marx Brothers go to war, and Groucho comes out of it as dictator of a mythical, European state. Glib and gags aplenty for those who like their nonsense in great big doses. And who doesn't? (Par)

The Emperor Jones—A tense, unusual picture, based on Eugene O'Neill's drama of a Negro who escaped a chain gang and became a king, but was not strong enough to escape man's primitive fears. Paul Robeson, famed Negro actor, gives one of the screen's greatest performances in the title role. (A)

Eskimo—A vivid, dramatic story of an Eskimo hunter, whose simple life suddenly becomes complex and tragic when the white men enter it. A tale acted largely by natives, it was actually filmed in the Arctic and looks it. (MGM)

Ever in My Heart—Barbara Stanwyck marries a German (Otto Kruger) and then along comes the War, bringing ostracism for them, a sudden parting and a suspenseful reunion somewhere in France. You know the plot by heart, but their acting makes it vivid. (WB)

Footlight Parade—Warners' latest backstage musical spectacle, with James Cagney as its principal adornment, playing a thinker upper of picture palace prelovers. Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and dance director Busby Berkeley help him make it a hit. (WB)

Golden Harvest—The most powerful of all the farm pictures. Contrasting the lives of two brothers, it shows the plight of American farmers today. Richard Arlen on the farm, and Chester Morris, in the city, both have their lives changed by hard times. It's real, and it's dramatic. (Pat)

The Good Companions—An English cast, headed by the lively and lovely Jessie Matthews, give you an entertaining glimpse of the adventures of a small time English show troupe. (Fox)

Heil and High Water—Richard Arlen as captain of a fishing boat is too smart to have any use



Jean Parker, Joan Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Douglass Montgomery and Frances Dee are all memorable in "Little Women"

for women, but some dramatic events and Judith Allen a ter his opinion. He man melodrama, both exciting and amusing. (Par)

I Loved a Woman—The rise and fall of a Chicago financier, whose love for an opera star makes him slipper ambitious and leads to his ruin. A dramatic, non-al tale, brilliantly acted by Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis. (Fox)

I'm No Angel—You must come up 'n' see Mae West again sometime for she is working them again. This time she is a curvaceous, carnival dancer who becomes a crime queen, puts her witty head in a

lion's mouth and saves wealthy Cary Grant for breach of promise before she gets him. (Par)

I Was a Spy—Here is something unusual and realistic in spy stories, a story of the peasants who were natural spies. Tensely acted by Herbert Marshall, Madeleine Carroll and Conrad Veidt, it is one of the year's most exciting pictures. (Fox)

The Kennel Murder Case—William Powell as sleuth P. O. T. solves a double murder mystery with the help of a dog. It has suspense. (WB)



In "The World Changes," Paul Muni retains the character of a pioneer, though he marries socialite Mary Astor

Ladies Must Love—Ladies must also live, which is why showgirls Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Burgess and Mary Carlisle are god-diggers, but Jane Knight their pal, has a job, so when she falls in love with Neil Hamilton, she means it. It's sexy, smart comedy. (Una)

Little Women—Louisa May Alcott's sentimental classic about four sisters in the New England of the 1860's comes to the screen triumphantly with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker as the memorable foursome. Fine acting in a fine production. Not to be missed. (RKO)

Love, Honor and Oh, Baby!—Zasu Pitts, fiancée of Slim Summerville, lawyer, decides to help him, but by suing her boss for breach of promise and a funny case it turns out to be, after a slow start. (Una)

Master of Men—Jack Holt, laborer in a steel mill, works his way to the top, tries to back the big financiers, and has to start at the bottom again. An exciting education in the steel business. (Col)

Meet the Baron—Jack Palance, of *Baron Munchausen* radio fame, comes to the screen, and it's lucky for him that he has Jimmy Durante with him, in a series of cockeyed adventures ranging from an African jungle to an alleged college campus. It takes patience to wait for the laughs. (MGM)

Midshipman Jack—The youngsters should go for Bruce Cabot in this familiar story of a Navy cadet who gets into both amusing trouble and serious trouble and makes a big comeback. (RKO)

My Lips Betray—Lilian Harvey, café entertainer, is whispered to be the king's mistress, and the king (John Boles) in disguise, tries to make the story come true. A slightly amusing Cinderella yarn for grown-ups. (Fox)

Myrt and Marge—The radio favorites, in person, in a story of backstage life that isn't new. In fact, unfortunately, it is so old that it is dull. (Una)

My Weakness—Lew Ayres bets that he can build any little lady into a million-dollar attraction—and he picks Lilian Harvey for his experiment. Light-some and gay, with Lilian as individual as she is attractive. (Fox)

My Woman—A tawdry tale of an ambitious wife, Helen Twelvetrees, who tries to make her easy-going husband famous via the radio route, sees success go to his head, and is married by the Other Woman. Not much excuse for this one. (Col)

Night Flight—A compelling, starkly realistic story of aviation in the Andes in which the hero is none of the fliers, but the airline manager who keeps up their morale, whose will makes them dare death. John Barrymore has this rôle ably supported by brother Lionel, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, William Gargan and Myrna Loy. (M-G-M)

Only Yesterday—The newest successor to "Back Street," and a worthy successor it is, with John Boles again a lover who marries the wrong girl—and Margaret Sullivan, Broadway newcomer making a big name for herself as the girl who had to live in the memory of love. (Univ.)

Olsen's Big Moment—El Brendel, janitor of an apartment hotel, gets entangled in the love affairs of Walter Catlett, tony playboy, who has gangsters on a trail. It may be slapstick, but it's done with a will. (Fox)

The Power and the Glory—From the lips of Ralph Morgan, and through his eyes, you learn the life story of Spencer Tracy who was once a trackwalker, married school teacher Colleen Moore, turned ambitious, became famous, and then met tragedy. It's powerful, memorable, unusual. (Fox)

The Private Life of Henry VIII—Charles Laughton, of *Nero* fame, brings the English Bluebeard back to life, in a portrait that is both human and bestial, terrifying and amazing, amorous and brutal. It's worth seeing twice. (U-A)

Saturday's Millions—A realistic story about a college football hero who is convinced that he is in a racket and acts accordingly—until his team loses. Robert Young does a good job as the hard-boiled young cynic. (Univ.)

The Solitaire Man—Unusual crook melodrama, acted out aboard an air liner flying over the English Channel—with Herbert Marshall, a thief de luxe, hard-pressed to outwit a double-crosser. (M-G-M)

S. O. S. Iceberg—An exploring expedition, lost in the Arctic, experience all the tortures of the White Hell before rescue comes by air. A thriller, in which the background is more exciting than the story. Roll La Roque is the hero. (Univ.)

Stage Mother—Alice Brady tries to force fame on her daughter, Maureen O'Sullivan, who rebels. It's a new version of the old story of Maternal Ambition versus Youthful Desires. Maureen wins more sympathy than Alice. (M-G-M)

Sweetheart of Sigma Chi—A lovely collegiate musical comedy, built around crew racing, instead of football—and boasting Mary Carlisle and Buster Crabbe. College life was never so gay as this, but was bring that up? (Monogram)

Take a Chance—A smart, but sometimes silly musical comedy about a Broadway show in the making and those concerned with it. In the order of their importance, they are James Dunn, Jane Knight, Buddy Rogers, Cliff Edwards, Lillian Roth and Dorothy Lee. It moves fast, anyway. (Par)

Thunder Over Mexico—Art with a capital A—a tragic love story that is really the saga of a race. It is unusual, disturbing, and silent, acted by natives. (Principal)

Tillie and Gus—Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields, brother and sister, come home with their foreign pasts a dark secret, to claim an inheritance and then have a battle to see which won't get it. For neither wants it. It gets hilarious at times. (Par)

Too Much Harmony—A breezy comedy of show biz, featuring Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher as a ham vaudeville team. Bing Crosby as a crooner who wins Oakie's girl, and Harry Green as a manager with troubles. It has pep and catchy tunes, but its plot has gray hair. (Par)

Walls of Gold—A trite story of a poor girl who breaks with a boy-friend, impulsively marries a rich man, and tries to stick by her bargain. Sally Eilers wasted her talents on this one. (Fox)

The Way to Love—Maurice Chevalier, who could marry a homey lass with a dowry, falls in love with gipsy Ann Dvorak, instead, and wants to become a Parisian glider. The story is the slimmest he has had yet, but he is still Chevalier. (Par)

White Woman—Charles Laughton, ruthless overseer of a large rubber domain, makes the mistake of importing Carole Lombard, whose seductive femininity causes trouble aplenty. Old-style melodrama, with Laughton vividly brutal. (Par)

Wild Boys of the Road—A dramatic glimpse of the thousands of homeless, jobless youths of to-day, who are vagabonds from necessity, not desire. Frankie Darro, Edwin Phillips and Dorothy Coonan typify them vividly. (F-N)

The World Changes—A saga of a young pioneer of the Middle West who grows wealthy and old, but never loses sight of what made pioneers the men they were. Paul Muni delivers another great performance, in a strong story that weakens and goes melodramatic only toward the end. (F-N)

The Worst Woman in Paris? That's what everyone asks about Benita Hume, good companion of Adolphe Menjou, until she gets away from it all, becomes "the best woman in Kansas" to Harvey Stephens, and then—but you'll have to see this smart, satirical comedy for yourself! (Fox)

GIVE YOUR HANDS, TOO, A LOVELY COMPLEXION!

Allure starts at the finger-tips. Only lovely, smooth hands inspire romance! How vital they are to screen stars... how much more vital to you! For your romance is real romance. And it's so simple to give your hands a lovely complexion, in spite of work and weather. After exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a "finishing lotion" for the hands. Hinds heals, softens, protects, because it is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form. And it costs so little!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

How lovely **CONSTANCE BENNETT'S** hands are! Shown with Gilbert Roland in RKO's film, "After Tonight."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too... by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt... 10c, 40c, 65c.

Lovely Women



(above) MYRNA WILLIAMS comes from Cheyenne—out where men are men and women are—well, judge for yourself. She was educated in Switzerland and has been studying dramatic art. Her ambition is to become a motion picture actress—a profession for which she seems ideally suited—even to her dazzling white teeth.

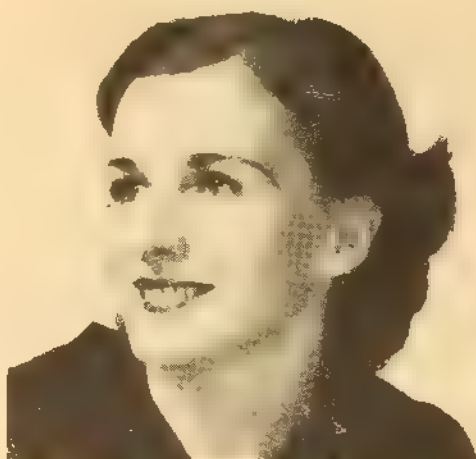


(above) MARGARET HORAN was an artist's model. Enroute to Chicago one day, she happened to be looking her prettiest when a prominent film executive—Hollywood bound—happened to be looking his sharpest for a new actress. A film test was arranged, following which Miss Horan got a Hollywood contract.



(above) At the Brooklyn motion picture theatre where RUTH STOVALL once sold tickets, they said she had a "nice honest face." Then a famous New York illustrator decided she was a "very pretty girl." Her work for artists and photographers spread her fame—and now she is in a new picture "Roman Scandals" with Eddie Cantor.

(right) A New York photographer clipped a picture of JESSIE SHANKS from a department store ad and sent for her to pose. Now she has all she can do in her work as a photographer's model yet finds time to study for her "land of hope"—the theatre.



(left) EDITH TRIVERS, following her graduation from a private school for girls in New York City, posed for pictures and studied for the stage. She is an excellent horsewoman, a swimmer and likes tennis. Last winter she played in "Absent Father." Now she's wondering about Hollywood.

WHY NOT MAKE YOUR TEETH LIKE THEIRS

...WHITER, MORE BEAUTIFUL?

Among the more than two million women who have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste from other brands are many professional beauties.

These girls find that Listerine Tooth Paste makes their teeth look whiter, gives teeth a brilliance not obtainable from old-type dentifrices.

Listerine Tooth Paste has proved again and again that it does "bring out" the naturally beautiful lustre of tooth enamel. It works wonders even with teeth that seem to be "off color."

A special polishing ingredient... far whiter than enamel... perfectly safe...

removes the dingy film-coats with but little brushing. Stains yield to it with surprising speed.

There is a refreshing mouth effect from using Listerine Tooth Paste which also accounts for the favor it finds. You are conscious of a sweet, pure breath after



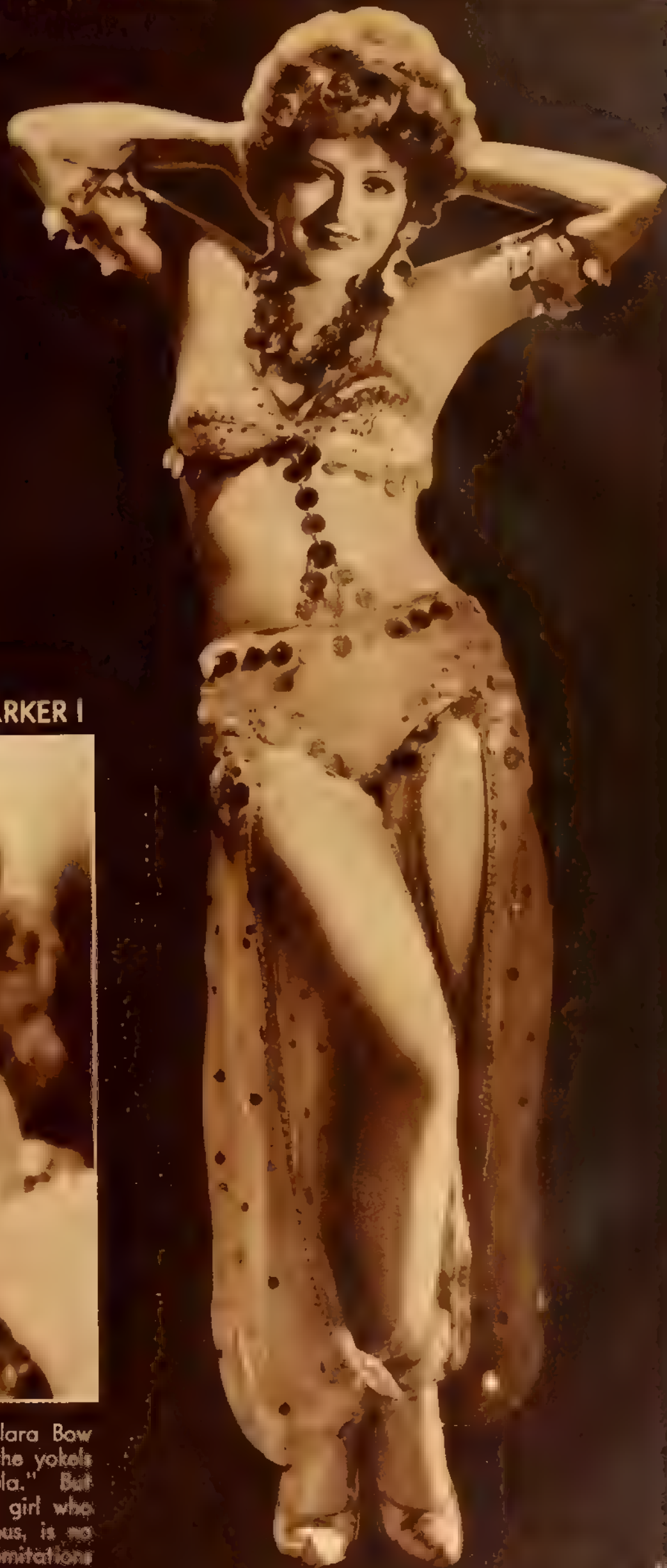
using. Gums seem firmer and healthier.

Is it any wonder,

in view of these results, that women by thousands are changing from old-type dentifrices to this? Some of these former brands cost fully twice as much as Listerine Tooth Paste. Yet at 50¢ and even more they accomplish no more than this generous tube which is never priced higher than 25¢, often less.

Heed the trend. If so many women find Listerine Tooth Paste helps them, you may find it will do wonders for you. See if proper care can give you "teeth like an artist model's." It is worth a trial. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢



CLARA DOESN'T NEED A BARKER!



Like Mae West in "I'm No Angel," Clara Bow has that carnival spirit—and will have the yokels goggle-eyed when she dances in "Hoopla." But she isn't out to rival Mae. Clara, the girl who first made the world sex-appeal-conscious, is no one if not her fiery self! She bewares of imitations.



THREE FIGHTING FACES

There isn't a woman in the cast of "The Lost Patrol"—which is as it should be in a war picture. These particular men-without-women are lost in Arabia, battling the Riffs. Victor McLaglen is a sergeant, willing to die fighting. Reginald Denny (top left) is as cool as the heat allows, but Boris Karloff (above) goes mad

Portraits by Bachrach

The American beauties usually leave it to the foreign stars to be exotic—but not Carole. The former Mack Sennett girl can rival any of them! A flower of the tropics in "White Woman," she will next co-star with George Raft, no less, in "All of Me"



CAROLE LOMBARD

ROME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

Eddie Cantor admits that much, right at the beginning of "Roman Scandals"—so you won't think that the only reason Rome burned was because the Emperor had a monopoly on the beauties. But what Emperor ever had such charmers as those Goldwyn Girls (left)? Or ever saw a Venus-at-the-Bath like the fair-haired lass below?



Once a year, and once only, does Eddie Cantor add to the gaiety of nations. But that annual musical comedy of his is an event—just as Ziegfeld's "Follies" used to be, only more so. In "Roman Scandals," his fourth, he happens on a town named West Rome, Oklahoma, and dreams a mad, musical dream of being an old Roman—er



For the first time, Lili Eyring (above) is playing with Eddie Cantor—in "Roman Scandals." Also, though she has made many musical "shorts," this is her first feature picture. She gets her self a soft berth as mistress of the Emperor (Edward Arnold) and then sings "No More Love!"



Gloria Stuart (top right) is a British princess who's prisoner in the palace — where beauties aren't always statuesque (like the one above and the two at top left) — until Eddie and David Manners come along. Eddie smuggles himself in as a black guard, only to find that blondes eat up chocolate soldiers!





CHARLOTTE HENRY

Even if we didn't tell you, you'd know who this little girl is. She is Tenniel's drawings for Lewis Carroll's famous fantasy, "Alice in Wonderland," come to life on the screen! It was because of that resemblance that Charlotte, nineteen years old, just five feet tall and a natural blonde, was chosen over seven thousand candidates to be the wide-eyed little girl who walked through a looking glass and became the happiest being alive. Meet Charlotte, now famous, as she is real life!



Portraits
by Richee

BRIGHT AND BRITISH

Will Rogers wants to watch out—and Zasu Pitts, too—or the girl at the right will steal "Mr. Skitch" away from both of them. Florence Desmond is a born mimic, famous in England for her take-offs of any star you care to mention. A girl that clever ought to go places on the screen—even in her first picture! Margaret Lindsay (below), another bright Britisher, has not had an idle day since she acted out the most memorable scene of "Cavalcade"—the one on the doomed S. S. Titanic. It's straight "From Headquarters" that Margaret is going with the intention of capturing "Lady-Killer" J. Cagney.





JOAN CRAWFORD AND FRANCHOT TONE

Love, it is said, is two-thirds
inquisitive pain and one-third
peace—and it looks as if Joan
and Franchot know all about the
peace part. They register ideal-
ism so powerfully that it can't
all be put into words. And
it doesn't seem possible that
Joan could ever look at another
man—not like this. But Clark
Gable is also in "Dancing Lady"!



**as presented by WANAMAKER'S, New York,
with the special caution: "Wash lingerie
with IVORY FLAKES"**

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions which are shown above! You can look elegant in a satin nightie (1st girl) or romantic in the "Song of Songs" (2nd girl). You can frou-frou in a "Lady Lou" slip with a lacy jacket (4th girl). Or lounge in negligees of satin or crepe that satisfy your love of lace (3rd and 5th girls)!

But don't let your attention wander when Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely. "Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice!

Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors



**Today's safest and
biggest value in
fine fabrics soap
99 11/100% Pure**

go silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

In case you haven't sharpened your eyes, let us remind you that Ivory Flakes are *curly* flakes of pure Ivory. They don't take their sweet time about dissolving—like ordinary flat flakes. Ivory Flakes do not mat onto silk, like those "other" soap flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone!

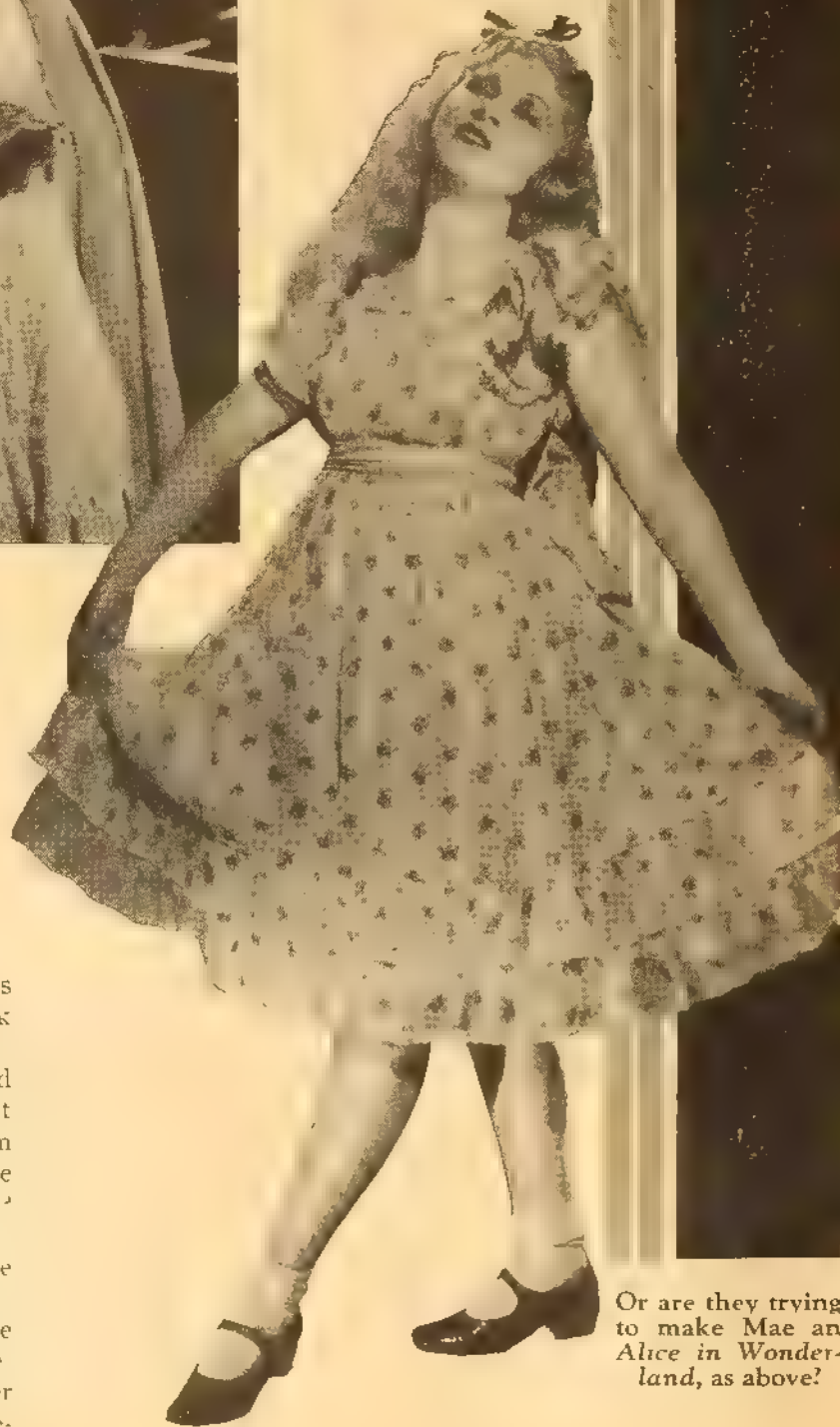
The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices—and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you *more* soap!

The *Crime* of the DAY in Hollywood

What are the Nice Nellies trying to do to Mae West—take away her gusto, her glamour, her frankness, her healthy sexiness? It certainly seems so. And isn't that a crime?



Are they trying to make a Puritan out of Mae West, as the composite photo at the left does? If they are, isn't it a crime?



WHAT'S this? Are they trying to make a lady out of the down-to-earth all-American charmer who "done him wrong" and was "no angel"? Are they trying to pose *Lady Lou* in a kitchen, with a bungalow apron around her seductive waist? Are they trying to make us believe that when Mae West says, "Come up 'n' see me sometime," she really means to drop in and have a cup of tea with her while she tats? If they are, it's a crime—the crime of the day in Hollywood.

The day before this story was written, the edict went forth that Mae is to be presented to the world "as she really is, a retiring type of individual, rather than allow the fans to get the impression that in real life she approximates the type of character she portrays." Alas and alack, if the fans get *that* impression the most glamorous and the most gaudy woman in the world to day will step back into the ranks of "just another blonde!"

A startling personality whose first starring picture netted three million dollars—how dare they try to process her, to put her through the old, old publicity mill that turns out hokum by the carload? Are they really going to try to censor all the interviews she gives, to curtail her actions, to daintify her? When they do, if they do, murder will have been done.

If Mae West goes Pollyannaish, she is ruined. There are so many young ingenues on the screen who find it a wise policy on the screen to choose their words carefully and to prune their actions with marketing scissors. Mae's on-screen remarks to date have been as spontaneous as she can make her screen remarks seem, and on screen she has been as inde-

Or are they trying to make Mae an *Alice in Wonderland*, as above?

BY GLADYS HALL



pendent as in any rôle—and, as such, *she* has been magnificent

If they "pretty up" Mae West, they will murder a three-million-dollar personality with a platitude. If Mae agrees to the prissy process, she will commit suicide with a slogan. Sex, unashamed and unabashed, has built her into her present international fame and delighted favor. Prudery will slaughter her. To take a living, breathing lureful lady like Mae and put copy book maxims into her mouth would be more than a crime. Yet this seems to be what they are trying to do to her.

How Mae Won Her Fame

TO MAE—who made her enormous reputation, who earned her terrific vogue, her veritable avalanche of fame and fervor from all points of the globe on the very basis that her shows

were closed in New York because they said unsayable things and did undoable things. Mae, who went to jail and came out of it a bigger personality, more boisterously known than before she went into it. Mae, who, if she isn't The Queen of Sex off the screen ought to be, as much as a Follies girl ought to have a millionaire, a penthouse and a tabloid scandal.

(Continued on page 70)

How did Mae West set the world on fire? By daring to be frankly world-wise, by daring to have curves and show them—as above! But what is Hollywood trying to do—make her a Pollyanna in a bungalow apron (as in composite photo, top) or have her play *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (as in composite photo, center)? Won't they let the most natural woman in the world to-day stay natural?

What Are *Your* Chances in Film Fame Contests?

NOW that film producers are frantically searching the land, high, low and midway for screen talent, and staging countless contests as a means of discovering it, beware, all you who have been bitten by the movie bug!

The goblins may get you whether you watch out or not. If you win you'll probably lose. And if you lose, you're likely to lose more than your chance, your shirt and your happy home. But whatever you do, tread warily, with your eyes open and the location of the nearest exit in mind.

Yet contests and talent searches have ceased to be a joke. Inspired by the screen's new and powerful urge to discover fresh stellar talent, this vast movement has grown out of proportion and control. A

America and twenty eight million in the world took part. A single contest is said to have received entries from four million, six hundred and forty thousand girls, with the typical middle-sized city which produced one of the winners, Nashville, registering 23,400! There are literally millions of disappointed contest entrants—entrants who have dreamed of fame and wealth and all that wealth and fame can bring.

No Star Discovered Yet

BUT to date, the far-reaching searches for Lion Men and Panther Women, "Poisonous" Blondes and Golden Blondes, Sexacious Red-heads and Curvacious Models, a Statuesque Venus and Piquant Chorus



Above, Harriette Lake, of Broadway, who won a big screen break when Columbia couldn't find an "unknown blonde" worthy of stardom in "Let's Fall in Love." Left, the finalists in RKO's "Miss Blonde Poison" contest—won by Jean Connors (center). Below, Paramount's promising "Panther Women"—Gail Patrick, Verna Hillie, Kathleen Burke and Lona Andre.



What the Contest-WINNER May Lose

1. All chances of film success.
2. Home ties, friends, sweet-hearts.
3. Money for extra expenses and wardrobe.
4. Time from education or work.
5. Illusions, faith, confidence and health.
6. Desire to follow a normal human existence.
7. Contentment and satisfaction with life.
8. Pride, aggressiveness and self-respect.
9. Ability to go home admitting defeat.
10. Courage to go on with life.

Recent twelve-month period brought one hundred and ninety-two movie contests and talent searches. Worth little or nothing Hollywood. Approximately twenty-one hundred names came to Hollywood only to find several times that number of cut-throats taking their cut-throats. More and more even to compete for

EVEN IF YOU WIN, YOU MAY LOSE AND

By
JAY
BRIEN
CHAPMAN

Right, the eight contest-winners who have a screen chance in "Eight Girls in a Boat." Below, seven winners in the international "Search for Beauty" contest. How many of these fifteen girls will become famous?



Photo by P. L. 115

Girls, All-American Girls, Mae West Women and Garbo Girls, French Harlows and Spanish-American Sirens, the Cuban Cleopatra and the Harlem Hotsy tot, Alice in Wonderland and Beauties of Both Sexes, Lucky Unknowns, Junior Star Climbers and others, have failed to discover for the screen a single outstanding stellar bet!

And the worst of the contest situation is that their appeal is to the "unknown" boys and girls from small towns and in school, rather than to the professional actors, who are accustomed to disappointment, and hard boiled about their chances of success. But the discovery that they have more ambition than ability is a bitter one for beginners who usually aren't prepared for it.

What happens when the high hopes of these inexperienced "unknowns" are dashed, a casual glance over the stack of news paper clippings before me shows:

"WIFE DISAPPEARS" is the heading of a brief item. She entered a contest, took a film test against her husband's advice, was eliminated in an early round, and evidently in disgust and hu-

What the Contest- LOSER May Lose

1. Faith in the squareness of fellow-humans.
2. Money spent on photographs, clothes, etc.
3. A million dollars' worth of high hopes.
4. Friendship for the folks who say "I told you so!"
5. Contentment with humdrum life.
6. Confidence in his or her ability.
7. Pride, poise, and social ease.
8. Mates or sweethearts neglected while trying to win.
9. Health, broken through strain, anxiety and humiliation.
10. Caste, in conservative business and social circles.



Above, Jacqueline Doret, "the most beautiful blonde in Paris." Left, Charlotte Henry, winner of "Alice in Wonderland" rôle.



miliation, left her home her husband and her three year old daughter!

Another: "Hollywood police to-day were asked to locate M. L. S., 22, of P. Ark., who came to the film capital to carve herself a screen career..." Another "CONTEST LOSER SUICIDE." And another: "Divorcing his wife because 'a film test had turned her head and caused her to neglect her home.' C. E. N. . ."

Naturally, only a few of these little dramas ever see print. Various estimates

(Continued on page 72)

IF YOU LOSE, YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME!



Ernst Lubitsch (left), famous German director who has taken out American citizenship papers, sees failure ahead for Hitler's plan to make all-German pictures. "Art is not a matter of geography," he says



Marlene Dietrich (above) is staying in Hollywood as long as she is in films, she says. Lilian Harvey (left) "can't" leave because of a long-term contract



IN Berlin, a little man with a Charlie Chaplin mustache has lifted his hand in a dramatic gesture and the shadow of that hand has fallen upon Hollywood, six thousand miles away—upon stars, producers, directors, writers. German film celebrities of "pure Aryan" blood, so the word came, were to be recalled by Adolf Hitler, to take their patriotic part in the cultural rebirth of the Fatherland, and to save an industry almost completely wrecked by the removal of those not of "pure Aryan" blood. No Germanic stars or directors now working in their own country would be allowed to leave.

Translated this is the warning. "It is proposed to make further work in Germany impossible for such Aryan film workers who remain abroad beyond their present contractual obligations or who go abroad, not thereby showing they are not interested in the great cultural upbuilding of Germany or are even sabotaging it."

It is considered unpatriotic, yes, even as treason to the country. And now, in the midst of the great work of upbuilding of the German film world, German artists combine abroad with film companies or film workers who either emigrated from Germany as non-Aryans or who are hostile to Germany or participate in agitation against Germany.

Their conduct is considered far from patriotic and is a betrayal of the German people.

This (and the italics are ours) sounds like more than a warning; this sounds like a veiled threat.

HITLER DEMANDS *Return* of GERMAN STARS!

Edict Postpones Lilian's Wedding

THE tears of a blonde picture actress will not keep Nazi leaders awake nights, but Hollywood knows that Adolf's orders will mean the postponement of Lilian Harvey's marriage to Willy Fritsch which she confided to *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* recently was to take place late this year. Every day, Lilian talks by transatlantic telephone to Willy. She talks from a sixty-thousand-dollar dressing-room bungalow at many dollars a minute, but the words she says are those of any girl talking to the man with whom she has been in love for years. (And some say they are already married.)

Six thousand miles away, the Nazi leader is reaching out to get back the German stars in American films—stars like Marlene Dietrich, Lilian Harvey, Dorothea Wieck. They are **WARNED** to return. Will they go—or stay right here?

Dorothea Wieck (right), of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame, is not breaking her new Hollywood contract



sick of stars, away from her native land this past summer? "It is my country naturally I must return to my own country," she has always told us. "I wish to bring up my little girl there." But through the long vacation in Europe, Marlene was a conspicuous figure in the gay rendezvous of Paris, at Deauville, on the Riviera, in Switzerland and Italy; she never ventured close to the border where the Swastika flies.

Marlene is of purest Arvan stock. Her fame, almost entirely made since she exiled herself in Hollywood, would be of the greatest value to the new national film industry of her native land and would sell German pictures to American audiences. Also, Marlene is still a citizen of Germany, traveling under its passport, answerable to its laws.

"Why didn't I travel in Germany this summer?" Marlene asks, cryptically. "Because none of the countries I was in touched on Germany." She dodges the question. And when she is asked what she thinks of Hitler and the Nazis, she answers, "I never talk politics." Why? Can even imperturbable Marlene be afraid?

The Hitlerite warning, quoted above, adds that in case "fugitive" screen notables do not heed the call of patriotism they "run the risk of being placed beside non-Aryans in the future" and kept from ever working in pictures in their native land. They will be given only "a comparatively short period in which to return." After that pictures that they make elsewhere will be barred from Germany. And if they still do not return, they will lay themselves open to the hated title of "non Arvan."

However, Marlene has been called a number of names in her career and answered them all with a disdainful shrug of her shoulders. She might even be able to bear up under the "shame" of being called a "non-Aryan."

Dorothea Wieck Not Worried

DOROTHEA WIECK, the beauty of "Maedchen in Uniform" and bride of a blue blooded Baron with the coveted "von" of the ancient German nobility in his name, has just finished work on her first Hollywood starring film.

"I have signed a contract with Paramount to remain here for five years," she says firmly. "That was a business contract, which would have to be taken into account by any German governmental agency before it considered requesting my return." There is ever the slightest stress on that "requesting." And so, magnificently unconcerned about warnings and veiled threats, the Baroness Ernst von der Decken returned to work on "Cradle Song."

Since the banning of the Jewish race from all participation in its film industry, Germany's enormous motion picture

(Continued on page 80)



"Traitors!" That is what Adolf Hitler (left) calls German stars who are voluntary exiles

"Now it looks as though our plans were spoiled," she told me, making a gesture of despair. On her third finger was an unbelievably enormous diamond solitaire. "He won't be able to leave. He's their greatest musical comedy star, you know. And I can't get away here, because of my contract, so it seems pretty hopeless for us, for awhile . . ."

But why, if Fritsch is not allowed to leave Germany, doesn't Lilian go to Berlin to marry him? The studio plans to make a three-language picture with her in Paris this fall and Paris is overnight from Berlin, which regards Lilian Harvey as its own star. English by birth, she made her fame at the famous UFA studios in Germany, and she owns a beautiful home there. When she left Berlin for her long-delayed Hollywood contract, press and public protested wildly at losing their darling. Is Lilian afraid to return to Germany under the present Nazi régime?

She admits frankly that she doesn't want to talk about it—that she doesn't dare to talk about it. Six thousand miles from Berlin, she avoids the name of Herr Hitler—and the shadow of that electric, uplung hand touches Hollywood!

What—except fear—kept Marlene Dietrich, the most home-

With apologies to Lewis Carroll, who can't possibly object at this late date, we present a mad account of a Mad Tea Party for Charlotte Henry—in what was supposed to be Wonderland. But, of course, it really was good old Hollywood!

ALICE in

THERE was a terrific commotion the day Alice made her first public appearance. She went to the Brown Derby for tea, followed by the entire publicity department of Paramount. A large sign, hung from the ceiling of the Brown Derby, announced: "A MAD TEA PARTY THIS AFTERNOON IN HONOR OF ALICE."

Waiters scurried around, people craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the little girl, and everything was pretty much of a muchness.

"Well, well," said the publicity department, clearing its throat, "so this is Wonderland!"

"Call it whatever you want to," said Alice, pertly, "but it's still Hollywood, and this is the Brown Derby. Where the Stars Eat. You can't fool me. I've been around here years and years, and—"

"Sh-sh! This is Wonderland," pleaded the publicity department. "You forget you've just been Discovered."

"It's Hollywood," said Alice. "Wonderland," said the p. d. "Hollywood," said Alice.

"We aren't getting any here," said the p. d., and the first time they tried to get there the first time they stayed in one place. "It gets crazier and crazier!"

"That PROVES it's Hollywood," said Alice triumphantly. There was a long silence.

"I've got it!" Alice shouted the p. d. "It's Wonderland!"

"You're the only one who's wondering what's going to happen!"

"Then the door must open and in rushed the White Rabbit. 'Wonder, I wonder,' He said. 'You wonder who is getting a lot of money?'"

"I wonder who's getting a lot of money?" He said. "I wonder who's getting a lot of money?" He said. "I wonder who's getting a lot of money?"

"I wonder who's getting a lot of money?" He said. "I wonder who's getting a lot of money?" He said. "I wonder who's getting a lot of money?"



Left to right, Alice, the Publicity Department, and their guests—the White Rabbit, the Duchess, the Cheshire Cat, the Knave of Hearts, the Queen, the Dormouse, the Four Mad Hatters, the March Hare, the Mock Turtle, the Gryphon and the Caterpillar, all of whom have strangely familiar faces. Come, come! Don't you recognize them?

Alice giggled. "That's not the White Rabbit. That's W. W., the newspaper columnist."

"My dear," said the p. d., "you're only a little girl seventeen years old. You have just been Discovered. How can you say such things?"

"Oh, save all that for the public. Look at his ears!" said Alice, rather rudely. "And tell me how they got so big if not from listening at

keyholes, and learning things he didn't know 'til now."

"I'm just rabbit on the subject of keyholes," smirked the White Rabbit. "Scandal, scandal, scandal!"

"See, I told you so," said Alice triumphantly, and sat down at the large table reserved for the Mad Tea Party.

"Screw your eyes around," she told the p. d., "and point me out some celebrities!"

"Certainly," said the p. d., "and you can meet them, too. Now, over there are the Cheshire Cat and the March Hare. I'll bring them over."

In another minute Alice was bowing acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Mon Dieu," said the Cheshire Cat, with a toothsome grin, "it seems indeed fortunate that our little Alice has been found at last."

B L U N D E R L A N D

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustration by HARRY L. TASKEY



"Didn't know she was lost," said the March Hare, irritably, tightening his pattees. "And where is Last? I've made pictures from the Red Sea to This Day and Age but never have I run across that location."

"That's not the Cheshire Cat," whispered Alice to the p. d. "That's Maurice Chevalier. Look at his grin. And the March Hare is Cecil B. DeMille. Look at his pattees."

"My dear," said the p. d. reprovingly, "you're just a little girl, and you shouldn't know so much."

"I can't help it," said Alice. "I've been around. Oh, here's Stan Laurel."

The Queen—How She Scared Them!

"NO, it's the Dormouse," said the White Rabbit. "But never mind, he'll go to sleep immediately."

The dormouse sat down and began to snore.

"Off with his head!" cried an angry voice in the center of the room. Everybody jumped up and hid under the table.

"The Queen—the Queen the Queen!" they whispered to each other.

"Don't be silly," said Alice, "come on out and sit down. That's only Constance Bennett. Aren't you used to her yet?"

Just then Alice caught sight of a familiar figure.

"Isn't that a casting director?" she asked the p. d.

"No, my child, that's the Caterpillar."

"It's a casting director," Alice said positively.

"Ask him to come over and I'll prove it to you."

The Caterpillar came slowly over to the table.

"I'd like you to meet," began the p. d.

"Yeah," the Caterpillar said, warily.

"I'm Charlotte Henry," said Alice. "I just won the contest for 'Alice in Wonderland!'"

"What's your name?" said the Caterpillar.

"I just told you. My name is..."

"Why?"

"Why what?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" asked the Caterpillar.

"It's Charlotte Henry, and..."

"Not the type," said the Caterpillar, and he strolled back to his own table.

"See?" said Alice to the company at large.

"Where?" shouted the March Hare through his megaphone, leaping to his feet. "Is it the Red Sea? Where is it? See what? What sea? See what sea?"

Yessed Are the Commanding

"YES," said the Cheshire Cat, shortly, and everybody joined in the chorus. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," which quieted him at once.

"Have some eggs," said the Dormouse waking up. "Eggsactly! Ha! I made a yolk!"

"Eet was a mouster-piece," the Cheshire Cat assured him.

"Off with everybody's head!" shrieked the Queen.

The group trembled. Then the March Hare struck a match and held it to the p. d.'s cigarette, whispering in his ear.

"Ah! a flame-up!" screamed the Queen.

"Aha! A love match!" whispered the White Rabbit.

(Continued on page 11)



Is Hollywood still Hollywood, or is it Wonderland, to Charlotte Henry—chosen from seven thousand girls to play Alice? This is just a guess! What's yours?

♦ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

BOTH going to Europe and returning, Marlene Dietrich shielded her 9-year old daughter from photographers. But now she has had a change of heart. In her new picture, little Maria Sieber plays Marlene as a child!



John Barrymore set a record of some sort when he completed his rôle in "Counsellor-at-Law" in two weeks flat. He and Doris Kenyon—who has just consulted a real-life lawyer about a divorce—studied their lines together, which explains it!

MAYBE you'll be disappointed, but Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore are not to play together again, after all, in "Break of Hearts." There was story trouble, and it has been shelved. Instead John is making "Long-Lost Father," with Helen Chandler returning to big time rôles as his daughter Katharine, meanwhile is becoming a very mountain lass, getting away temporarily from dressed up and sophisticated rôles in "Trigger" with Ralph Benamy as her engineer lover. It looks as if a cycle of them that hit stories is coming. Jean Parker is a mountain maiden, too, in "Little Wild Birds."

John, by the way, is getting around to his long cherished plan of presenting "Hamlet" in the Hollywood Bowl. Helen Chandler will be his *Ophelia*.

HAVING sexified Ruth Chatterton so successfully, Warner Brothers are now trying some experimenting with Kay Francis, having cast her in "Mandalay," which was originally scheduled for Ruth. George Brent, Ruth's hubby, was retained in the leading male rôle but with the picture just starting, did a walk out over a salary dispute. Lyle Talbot, recovered from his recent automobile injuries, replaced him. Ruth is doing "Journal of Crime."

HAVE you noticed how the screen has been going in for biography? Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet. It seems as if half the stars in Hollywood are playing, or planning to play, queens. Garbo is *Queen Christina*, Dietrich is *Catherine, the Great*, Norma Shearer is to be *Marie Antoinette*, Katharine Hepburn, *Queen Bess* (Elizabeth, to you), and Claudette Colbert, *Cleopatra*. And Mae West, of course, continues to be "The Queen of Sex." Edward G. Robinson is about to reveal "Napoleon: His Life and Loves." The Little Corporal will also be in "The House of Rothschild," George Arliss' first picture for Twentieth Century, in which he'll play a dual biographical rôle. And over in England Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing *Cesar Peter, the 3rd*.



Did you see Helen Twelvetrees, garbed thus, do the rhumba in "My Woman"? Ah, how the limbs of the Twelvetrees shook! Now, she's proving herself as dangerous to Chester Morris as he is dangerous to women in "King for a Night."

SOME favorites long missing from the screen are now coming back in a big way. Conway Tearle, whose suave love making once kept the movies going, returned in "Day of Reckoning," with Richard Dix. And now Jane Collier, who left the screen when she married Stuart Erwin, is returning in the leading feminine rôle in "House of Murder." And Lenore Ulric, who hasn't been seen on the screen since "South Sea Rose," is rushing out to Hollywood as soon as her Broadway play closes.

AND over in England, also, Leslie Howard is playing *Shakespeare* in "This Side Idolatry," a stage hit. Its success may hold him there some time and Paul Muni may win by default the toss up as to which would bring "Anthony Adverse" to the screen.

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ♦

WHAT'S all the shouting for—we mean, about movie salaries? Washington thinks they are too high, Hollywood thinks they aren't. Two producers say that if movie salaries are curbed the days of slavery will be back. Another producer attacks them for their attack on the NRA. It's safe to assume that Washington had some good reason for wanting salaries reduced, besides the fact that present wages might breed unrest in hard up localities. Has Washington seen the ledgers of the film companies that have struggled to show profits to stockholders? The "inside" word is that Washington has. And these stars who have demanded maintenance of present salary levels must have seen the same thing for when they're big enough to demand percentages of the earnings of their pictures, they demand percentages of the gross receipts, not of the profits. For, all too often, there aren't many profits. Anyway the fight has afforded the unique sight of stars 'protecting the rights of extras,' whose wages *can't* be reduced much.



In this day of curvacious figures, take note of Clara Bow, who intends to out-West Mae herself in "Hoopla," the talkie version of "The Barker." The lady on the left is Minna Gombell

PRODUCERS Darryl Zanuck and William Goetz and their wives have thought up something new in Hollywood parties—one in which guests come in costumes like those worn in some recent costume picture. The idea has amusing possibilities. (And it's good for plenty of publicity for the picture.) The Zanucks and Goetzes recently gave a "Bowery" Ball and every one came in brash 1890 fashions. And guess who was the belle of the ball? Constance Cummings' new husband playwright Benn W. Levy! He and Connie arrived on a tandem bicycle, dressed exactly alike in the tights and aigrettes of 1890 soubrettes. Plentiful padding gave them both the most voluptuous curves! George Raft, as *Sue Barton*, was the best dancer on the floor. Jean Harlow, as a bathing girl of the Nineties, was the prettiest girl there. Lillian Fashman, as usual, was the "best dressed" in pink ruffled tulle and plumed hat.



When you see "Smoky," you'll be charmed by the romantic carryings-on of Victor Jory and Irene Bentley, whose dental smile is a winner

THIS Max Baer must be good! The handsome young boxer did his theatrics so well in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" (in which Myrna Loy is the Lady) that he has been rushed into "The Hollywood Party" before Jack Dempsey can rush him away, back to the ring. . . And another newcomer who must have something is Russ Columbo, who once was a "ghost singer" for several stars in the early days of the talkies, went off to New York and became radio-famous and now has come back in triumph to give Bing Crosby some screen competition. In "Broadway Through a Keyhole" he even wins the gal! Now he's in "Moulin Rouge" Constance Bennett's first musical picture. . . But probably the most unusual newcomers of the year are the puppeteers of Teatro dei Piccoli, who will make their screen bow prominently in that mad Lilian Harvey fantasy, "I Am Suzanne". . . Director Frank Lloyd, of "Cavalcade" fame, has a daughter named Alma—and Alma seeing Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, get a screen chance, tried a screen test, too. You'll see her in "Jimmy and Sally".



Dr. 71

Garbo as a child? No indeed, it's Cora Sue Collins, personally chosen by Greta, to portray Queen Christina's childhood

DID you get an earful of Charlie Chaplin's heavy English accent in his recent "Buy Now" radio talk?

WITH Christmas almost here, Hollywood is wondering Will Douglas Fairbanks rush back to Pickfair, and will there be a reconciliation with Mary Pickford? Twice, he has rushed home from abroad for Christmas, and the betting is even that he will again!



It looks as if Jack Oakie at last wins The Girl (Thelma Todd), in "We're Sitting Pretty." And about time, says Jack!

ONE of the most unexpected friendships of Hollywood (which is always developing them) is that of Mae West and Mary Pickford, who was once quoted as saying that she was crazy about Mae "because she's so lowdown." Mary intended it as a compliment. Mae's new picture, "It Ain't No Sin," is to have a Mississippi River background—and Mary has written a scene for it. If you can imagine Mary writing a scene that would fit Mae! But Mary is versatile. Hasn't she just written the libretto for an operetta for Grace Moore?

Incidentally, if it's true that Mae is reducing—she goes to the Paramount gym every day—it's a great pity. We have enough hungry looking stars as it is. But Mae quipped to newspapermen:

"I'm not trying to remove my hips. I'm going to keep on moving them as before from side to side."

Mae and Mary have both recently been made Kentucky colonels. Mae West says of Gov. Ruby L. Ligon: "I guess he wants me to help him keep his troops under control. When do I get my commission?"

WARNER BAXTER is building a new home that will be a masterpiece of electricity. Ever hangs up his press buttons. He is the only man who has, after ten years of looking for a place in the city, found one. He is going to have an electric grill concealed in the living room!

PROMINENT in the cast of "Broadway Through a Keyhole" is the name of Paul Kelly. After a lapse of six years, this talented young actor is back. The promising boy, whose career was interrupted by tragedy and prison, is a man now, with a controlled face and rather grim lips. He would not come back under any other name, would not try to disguise his identity—hoping that the world would be ready to judge him as an actor, and leave the past alone. At first various self-styled "reformers" tried to prevent his comeback. Now, in the name of fair play, we urge let Paul Kelly win back his career! And a remarkable career it promises to be, judging by this picture.

A COUPLE of pages back, we spoke of the new screen cycle of mountaineer stories. We should have added "Comin' Round the Mountain," which brings May Robson and Polly Moran together as co-stars. Also, as you probably have gathered, there is a Queen cycle in progress. And ever since "She Done Him Wrong,"

you have witnessed a Naughty Nineties cycle. Everything in Movietown moves in cycles. But none seems to last like the thriller cycle. Year in and year out, thrillers are good audience catchers. And there is one on the way now that has the most intriguing title of the month, namely, "Seven Lives Were Changed," featuring Heather Angel and Norman Foster. Other new ones are the aforementioned "House of Murder," "Fog" (featuring Mary Brian and Donald Cook) and "Sleepers East" featuring Wynne Gibson. And your old friend Boris Karloff is about to do "The Return of Frankenstein" not to mention "A Trip to Mars." Speaking of cycles, no one can overlook the musical cycle. Columbia, the last studio to be convinced that musicals have come back to stay, has now fallen in line with "Let's Fall in Love" which will bring Harriette Lake back from Broadway as a star.

HOLLYWOOD, which has not yet had any famous results from its recent talent contests, has not given up hope of doing so. King Vidor, famous director of "The Crowd," "The Champ" and "Street Scene," is out to find "some unknown high school girl" with talent, if not acting experience, to star in "Give Us the Right to Live," which Vidor wrote himself. He intends it as a powerful drama of the problems that face illegitimate children, and is producing it for RKO. It was an unknown that Vidor boosted to stardom in "The Crowd" James Murray.

THAT Gloria Stuart-Gordon Newell "separation" was all right in theory. She had an apartment and her artist-hubby had a house in Toluca Lake. But drop in almost any evening at Gloria's late—and there is Gordon, making himself at home. We taxed her with having a "gag" separation, but it seems they get a kick out of clandestine meetings that is lacking in staid domesticity. All the thrills of stolen romance.



As Philo Vance, William Powell has developed a keen eye for details that others might miss. And with Glenda Farrell up a studio ladder (why?), he's not getting out of practice.

THELMA TODD DE CICCIO is very angry at some columnist who hinted she was "blessed eventing." Billie Dove Kenaston is delighted to confirm the report about herself. So is Joan Bennett Markey.

JEAN HARLOW, recovered from the appendicitis operation that postponed her Hawaiian honeymoon and her new husband, cameraman Harold Rosson, have moved out of her equally new Georgian mansion to a love nest in one of Hollywood's smart apartment buildings. Imagine leaving the three iceless ice boxes, just to mention one thing. We understand that she deeded the new house to her mother "as a birthday gift." Sally Eilers and her new husband, director Harry Joe Brown are also apartmenting. Sally received the blessing of her former husband, Hoot Gibson, on her marriage and was linen showered after her "elopement." Which proves Sally's popularity!



Another young modern goes old-fashioned. Gloria Stuart, dressed up in 1860 style for "Beloved," in which, with John Boles, she will gracefully grow old



Put yourself in Joel McCrea's place—and you'd grin, too. Even though he is a brand-new bridegroom (ah there, Frances Dee!), girls still pursue him. At least, Marian Nixon and Ginger Rogers do, in "Chance at Heaven"

business of society going to be exposed?

6. The imminent co-starring of what two famous personalities was never anticipated by Hollywood?

7. What is the name of the Silly Symphony that will be Walt Disney's Christmas present to young and old America?

8. What star at a rival studio would Jesse Lasky like to "borrow" to play Pavlova, the famous dancer, in "Flight of the Swan"?

9. With whom is Diana Wynyard scheduled to play, now that she is back from England?

10. Who is going to play opposite Chevalier in "The Merry Widow" and who is going to direct him?

Hollywood I found the place worse and the people better, than I expected. I found four continents here. The intrigues as in Europe, the salaries as in Asia, the desert heat as in Africa; only the hospitality is American."

EARLY in the Fall, Lupe Velez told one of our writers, "I shall not marry while I am still on the screen. You can bet on that. I have seen too many Hollywood marriages fail." We deleted the statement from the interview. We're getting skeptical about these "positive denials" from stars anent marriage or
(Continued on page 61)

WE enjoy asking you questions about the stars, testing your knowledge of their newsy doings off the screen. (See the Gossip Test, Page 10; and Ten Baffling Questions, Page 56.) Now, in addition, how would you like to test your knowledge of what is happening in a movie way in Hollywood? Try these ten questions, and if you're "stumped" by any of them (which you shouldn't be, if you know your movies, you'll find the answers on page 81)

1. What colorful hit of silent days is now to be remade as a talkie and what star will sing in it?

2. What does "Bolero" mean and what star will play in a picture of that name?

3. What other recent "best seller" besides "Anthony Adverse" is about to be filmed?

4. What are the three newest all star pictures—all of them musical?

5. In what picture is this débutante

EMIL LUDWIG, famous German biographer of Napoleon, Lincoln, Goethe and Bismarck and now an exile from Hitler Land, was brought to Hollywood to prepare the screen version of "Napoleon: His Life and Loves" for Edward G. Robinson. A fast worker he was finished in a few weeks and en route back to his home in Switzerland. Leaving, he was asked which screen personality had most interested him. Enthusiastically, he named Charlie Chaplin, who, "because of his complex nature is a most difficult man to understand. It would require a long time to know him thoroughly." He added that he would like to write a book about him, but would need "a long time to study him." If the book is ever written it will be the first portrait of a movie star by a world famous biographer.

Ludwig summed up his impression of Hollywood in three vivid sentences: "In



Did you ever try to take a close-up of yourself? Well, even movie stars have that urge—as Dick Powell proves. And his results are going to be like yours!

You Don't Know Acting Till You Know LAUGHTON

If you saw him as *Henry, the VIIIth*, you won't miss this word-picture of Charles Laughton. If you didn't see that performance, all the more reason why you should find out all about him. For there's only one Laughton—and here he is!

By CRUIKSHANK

A TOAD with a jewel in its forehead—Charles Laughton with the gem of rarest genius on his brow. From Buster Keaton to Rudolph Valentino, from Louise Fazenda to Marlene Dietrich, from Jackie Coogan to Jackie Cooper, here is the most remarkable man, woman or child ever to startle the cinema. And Charles Laughton is all three in one—man, woman and child. He is of all ages, all sexes, so much a super-being that, for all his humanity, he ceases to be human. He is a luminous mass of ectoplasm, fluid life that flows from one character into another before your very eyes. And without the aid of mirrors.

Before its release, he saw the Mae West picture and was regaling a group less fortunate with some of its moments. In a second he was no longer Laughton, but the undulating, seductive, suggestive West, slithering syllables from tentacles of lips. "A piece for your thoughts."

"I know just how you feel," he said, "I'll swap places with you." He described the scene in which the sailors gaze at Mae the coon number. "Look, I'll show you." He passed his hand over the massive, puffy face, which his small eyes blaze, and when it came away there sat a bearded, sex-starved, drooping person—a bestial old flailing caddy.

The conversation slithered to the latest masterpiece "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth." He wished to explain



Who else could have played *Henry, the VIIIth*, as Charles Laughton did?

a scene. Leaping to his feet, he strode the floor, and when he turned, there, by all the gods, stood a King! *Henry, Mae West, Nero or Dr. Moreau*—he is all of them. If he ever plays Garbo or Hamlet, Baby LeRoy or Hampty-Dumpty, Dromeo or Romeo, either end of the horse, his portrayal will be a demonstration of histrionic pyrotechnics unequalled on the screen, and seldom paralleled in the age old history of the theatre. The word "genius" is lightly used among the superlatives of the cinema. But here is one who doesn't need its distinguishment. He lends its meaning distinction.

Get him in close up, in profile, in all dimensions, as well as words, which can tell what eyes have seen. They say his height is five feet eleven. He doesn't look within two inches of it. So round shouldered that his back is a bow, he loses altitude in a stoop. But it isn't a stiff, bony arch. Rather, he suggests that there is no spine, indeed, his whole body is such that it might be devoid of bony structure. His flesh seems to cover no skeleton—it is a jelly like mass. Yet the man is possessed of prodigious strength, tremendous physical power. His friendly slap on the back has caused more than one Hollywood recipient to fear for the safety of a vertebra.

His legs seem short, but the trousers that flap about them are even shorter, and beneath them loose socks hang over shoe tops as sloppily as those of any collegiate sophomore. These legs of his are rubber. He folds them under him, or stretches them before. It

couldn't occasion surprise if he casually draped one around his neck—a short, thick neck over which long, unkempt hair hangs unbarbered.

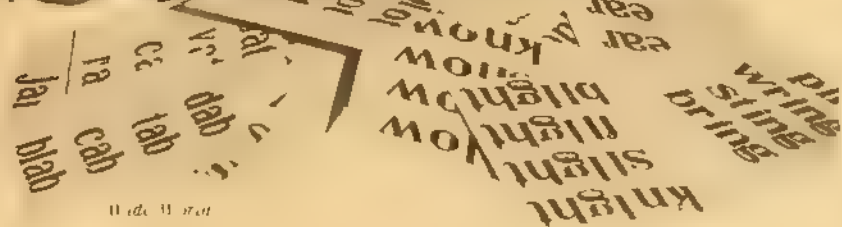
His hands—white, pudgy, almost dimpled—are constantly in action, and in their restlessness are as graceful. (Continued on page 66)



There isn't an emotion that Laughton can't express with his eyes and lips. That's acting!



Charlie Chaplin (left), who put up the money, thinks that his ex-wife, Lita Grey Chaplin (right), was extravagant in spending \$1,500 a month on their two sons—Charles, Jr., 8 (right, below), and Sydney Earl, 7. Lita disagrees. Meanwhile, the two talented boys seem totally unspoiled



By EDWIN
SCHALLERT

IS \$1,500 a month too much to spend upon the upbringing, the welfare and the pleasure of two children of a celebrated movie parent? Lita Grey Chaplin says "No," and says it emphatically. But Charlie Chaplin, her divorced husband, contends that such a scale of living as indicated by the figure mentioned is out of all reason. And he feels that he has a right to object legally, even though the two boys—Charles, Jr., 8, and Sydney Earl, 7—are in the custody of their mother, for he is the one who has to put up the money.

Much has been heard from time to time about the Chaplin children and the money necessary for their living expenses. Every year the figures on expenditures seem to get an airing publicly. From time to time Mrs. Chaplin is haled into court to explain and justify the outlays. Storms ever seem to overhang the finances of the Chaplin heirs.

Recently, the young Latin type mother of the boys was called upon for her fifth annual accounting of her custody of the children. She had to explain why she spent nearly

CHAPLIN'S SONS —Poor Little Rich Boys?

How much money, at the most, should be spent each month on a movie millionaire's children? Lita Grey Chaplin, Charlie's divorced wife, spent \$750 a month for twenty-two months on each of their two sons. Charlie protested, and a court cut the allowance to \$350 a month. Here Lita defends all of her expenditures!

at heart, and that expenses soared because of the necessity for paying attorneys' fees.

Judge Reduced the Allowances

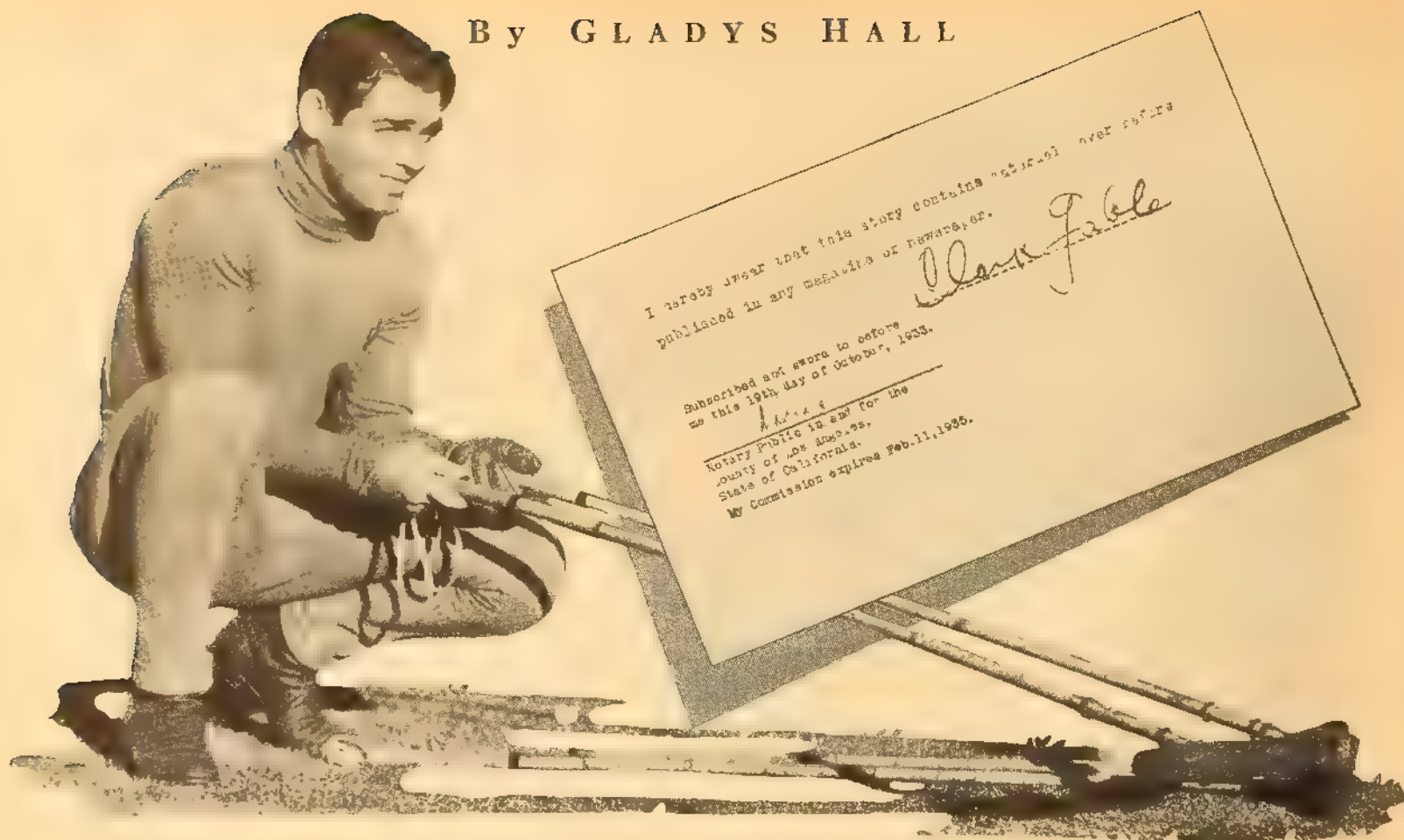
LITA was fearfully stirred up, and the impression went forth that she was more overwrought than necessary.

(Continued on page 4)

\$34,000 on them in twenty-two months. She became hysterical during the trial; she shook her tiny fist in the face of the opposing attorneys, was so disturbed that a recess had to be called during the proceedings, and generally lent a lot of excitement to what might otherwise have been a dry recital of figures and facts which included a \$686.25 item for guard protection for the two children.

Chaplin, himself, wasn't present. He hates courts anyway, and he didn't have to do any testifying. His attorneys were there to challenge the slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl who made known time and again that she couldn't keep a mass of book-keeping details in her head, and who cried that it was an outrage for Chaplin to bring her into court upon slight provocation, that he didn't have the boys' well-being

By GLADYS HALL



SECRETS *of the* STARS

2. CLARK GABLE tells something about himself that has never been revealed before—the story of the three days when he was a victim of amnesia, and the big effect that his dimly-remembered adventure has had on him!

Don't miss this story about Clark Gable—the second in MOTION PICTURE'S sensational "surprise stories" about stars. It is a journalistic "scoop"—an exclusive interview in which he reveals a carefully-kept "secret," tells a dramatic story out of his past that has never been told before. He has sworn, before a notary, that it has never before been published. Read it and learn something new about Gable. And then—remember that *each* month MOTION PICTURE is bringing you new self-revelations from the biggest stars of the screen!—*Editor.*

CLARK GABLE said, "In 1935, I lost three days out of my life—and this is a story I've always sworn I would never tell. Partly because I was afraid I wouldn't be believed, and partly because it has a certain funny sacredness to me. But you want an untold story, and this is the biggest one I've got."

For three days in the year 1935, I was a victim of amnesia.

For three days, I was a stranger in a strange city. I had no name. I had no identity. I had neither friends nor family nor background. I didn't know where I had come from, where I was going or who I was. I wasn't an actor. I wasn't anyone. I was completely submerged in a sea of anonymity.

"I'm not sure where I spent those three days. I mean, I couldn't locate the address. I don't know the names of the people I stayed with. But I do know that those days affected me more deeply than any other experience of my life. Even though I can remember only part of it, I still remember enough to have it influence me as nothing else ever has. *Because in those three days that I lost out of my life, I found myself*

Why He Has Feared Disbelief

"WHEN I say that I've been afraid no one would believe this story, I don't mean that people wouldn't believe I had amnesia. That happens in the best of families. You read in the papers frequently about such cases. But I have been

(Continued on page 70)

NORMA SHEARER

Does it seem possible that it was in October, 1932, that Norma's last picture, "Smilin' Through," was released? But who has forgotten her? Who **COULD** forget her? When she took a leave of absence to minister to her ill husband, Irving Thalberg, she proved—if it needed proving—that her marriage means more to her than her career. And the world, much as it missed her, cheered. It kept on cheering, a bit wistfully, as Norma accompanied Irving on a long health "vacation" in Europe. They were gone so long that there were rumors that both were retiring from films. But now they are back—and Norma is to make "Rip Tide" (with her old friend, Robert Montgomery) and "Marie Antoinette." And, she smiles, her husband will be her producer!



NEAT YOUNG THINGS FOR SWEET YOUNG THINGS



Ruby Keeer's smart three piece costume (above) is of black cordanna crêpe with a blouse of apple green crêpe shot with gold metal polka-dots. Tabs of the scarf, which serves as a sort of collar on the blouse, are drawn through the large lapel eyelets



The new gowns created for the Winter season seem to borrow lines from the old-fashioned modes, like Thelma Todd's stunning black velvet gown (right) with its train and lace bodice. Thelma wears the black wig in "Son of a Sailor." Jean Muir, above, is wearing a black velvet skirt, metallic blouse with gold coin dots, and matching tilted picture hat



The combination of crêpe and velvet in the mulberry-colored gown below gives the youthful and demure Patricia Ellis an air of sophistication. The high neckline is slit in the back and has a large, floppy velvet bow in front. It has cape sleeves over the long tight ones, and the skirt brings back the old-fashioned petticoat flounce, which is pleated velvet



The street dress of Chinese red crêpe, which Bette Davis has on at the left, is the perfect dress for wear under your fur coat, as well as without a coat. The bertha-type collar and the peplums are trimmed with silk braid. All of Bette's accessories are black, except for the red feather fancy that adorns her small hat



The gown worn by Bette Davis above is the type that can start out at the cocktail hour and continue on into the evening if you decide to go dancing, as it is designed for both formal and informal wear. The color is rust brown, the material is crêpe, and the bottom is quilted. The unusual epauletts and the cuffs on the "gauntlet" gloves are also quilted to match

MOTION PICTURE'S Aids to Beauty



COMPLETE DAYTIME MAKE-UP

Most girls take pains with their make-up when they go out in the evening—and are careless about their make-up in the daytime, when sun and wind can do plenty of damage. But Hollywood knows some secrets about daytime glamour, and Muriel Evans—who is with Joan Crawford in "The Dancing Lady"—reveals them to you. Top to bottom, right, she first applies cleansing cream, working with upward strokes to keep wrinkles in the future tense, while removing the cream. Then, with the always useful tissues, she applies astringent, which makes the skin feel alive and closes the pores. Next, she takes her time over this powdering business, to foil the elements. (Muriel, being a blonde, also uses just a trace of blue eye-shadow and blue mascara.) The next step is to use the eyebrow pencil—lightly, for daytime. Then she lightly applies rouge—powder rouge for daytime. And last of all, she uses lip rouge—the same shade as the powder rouge—accenting the lower lip more heavily than the upper. Whereupon—presto!—she looks as in the large picture. And you?



As Revealed by Hollywood Stars



COMPLETE EVENING MAKE-UP

It's in the evening that the male of the species observes a girl most closely—so she can't be too careful in her evening make-up. Irene Hervey—now in "The Hollywood Party"—illustrates the care she takes, at the left, top to bottom. First she works a very thin cleansing cream into her face and neck with her finger-tips—afterward removing it with tissues, always with upward strokes, and then using skin tonic (which should be patted on more profusely over chin, nose and forehead). Then she applies a powder base, patting it smooth. After that she dips a finger into her rouge—paste rouge for evening, as it lasts longer. Next she pats—never rubs—on face powder, applying from the chin line upward. Only then does she carefully add the new metallic brown eye-shadow and mascara, later pencilling her eyebrows. Last of all comes the lipstick—applied more freely than in the daytime. After waiting a moment for the color to "set," she smooths with absorbent tissue. Then she adds one of the new beauty patches and looks as above—inviting close inspection



Ellie



Longworth

THE GIRLS ALL GO FOR JIMMY CAGNEY!

What girl wouldn't like to play opposite Jimmy? To prevent studio jealousies, his bosses have to change his lady lovers fast and frequently! When you last saw him, in "Footlight Parade," he was looking high, he was looking low, for his "Shanghai Lil"—Ruby Keeler (top left). But now, in "Lady-Killers," you'll see him again with Mae Clarke (above), into whose pretty face he once pushed a grapefruit and become famous. Remember? And in his newest racketeer role, he's also with Margaret Lindsay (left), who only temporarily turns her back on his new and shaggy mustache.

DIETRICH Isn't Afraid of Mae West!

Or jealous of her, either. Petty emotions aren't in Marlene's line. But if you wonder what Marlene HAS been thinking about Mae—and about herself—here is one grand chance to find out. It's one of the most revealing interviews you'll ever read!

WHY do all these unkind rumors pursue me—how do they start?" asks Marlene Dietrich, back from Europe to play *Catherine, the Great*.

"Like this latest rumor that I am jealous of Mae West. That's utterly ridiculous. I am not jealous of anyone. Oh, yes, I know the stories—that I fear Miss West's rivalry, that I am envious of her sensational and sudden popularity, that I have refused to meet her. They are all lies.

"This is the truth: When I saw the preview of 'She Done Him Wrong,' I was thrilled by this new, arresting, dynamic personality. Miss West was in New York, making personal appearances. I had never met her before but I wanted to congratulate her on her magnificent performance. So I sent her a telegram." (As a matter of fact, Marlene wired bushels of flowers to Mae.) "I recognized Miss West as a star before anyone else did. I met her before I left for Europe and we became friends.

"When I returned from abroad after five months—a dozen reporters met me at Quarantine, outside New York harbor. They fired a barrage of questions at me—and one of them asked what I thought of the new Mae West styles. I answered honestly that I didn't know that a new style had



Marlene Reveals Herself:

"I recognized Miss West as a star before anyone else. Why should there be rivalry between us—between any stars? Success doesn't mean enough to me to motivate petty emotions.

"As long as I remain on the screen, I shall remain in Hollywood.

"I am not feminine enough to want to stand in front of a mirror for hours on end.

"I would be happy to abandon acting to-morrow, if I were permitted.

"You might call me a fatalist. What we become—what happens to us—is in the laps of the gods.

"I am less happy as the years increase, but that is natural. Life is more difficult.

"It must be marvelous to belong to yourself. Nothing in my life is mine—nothing but my thoughts."

been inspired by Miss West. I was stupidly misquoted—quoted as having said that I had never heard of Miss West.

"And the next thing I knew, I was reading such stories as 'Dietrich Asks: "Who is Mae West?," "Does Dietrich Fear Mae West?," "Does Mae West Threaten Dietrich's Supremacy?" and other equally implausible tales.

Denies Any Rivalry

WHY should there be rivalry between us between any stars? Every star brings something different, something vital, something extraordinary to the screen. It is by virtue of that that stardom is awarded them. Stars must stand or fall alone. Qualities, achievements, abilities cannot be compared. They are too individual.

"There is a place on the screen for every personality. This country is vast. The motion picture industry is large. There are thousands of theatres that must be supplied with pictures. Why, then, should there be jealousies? Why,

(Continued on page 75)

By
SONIA LEE

LILIAN HARVEY

Just four months ago that Lilian won a popularity poll at Fox. Everyone was surprised, because she hadn't been around very long. But the longer she is around, the more everyone understands why. She's so many girls in one that she can't help but have that appeal YOU like. She's both sweet and sophisticated, both sprightly and sedate, both an actress and a dancing songstress. A mischievous new type of Cinderella in "My Weakness" and "My Lips Betray." She'll be French—when some-thing says yes?—in "I Am Suzanne."



What's Going to Happen to JACKIE COOPER?

By FAITH SERVICE

JACKIE COOPER is facing an inevitable tragedy—the every-day tragedy of Growing Up. And what does the future hold for him? Right now, at the ripe young age of ten, he wears size thirteen clothes, and shoes large enough for the average young male of fourteen. His childish voice, his walk, his laugh, his heart-wrenching tears are changing rapidly to the voice, walk, laughter and very rare tears of the adolescent.

Jackie's mother is facing this tragedy, too. To most mothers, it is a stimulating, exciting thing to watch a son growing up. It is always rather wistful, of course, to see him leave those early, dependent years behind. But to Jackie's mother there may be more than sheer maternal sadness in this process of her boy's growing up. With the young boy, will the star also vanish?

So few, so very few of these so-called child prodigies are ever heard of again, once their appealing childishness is gone. Jackie Coogan, second only to Jackie Cooper in fame and popularity, seems to have developed into just an American boy with interests far away from stage or screen. Bobby Coogan, of *Sooky* fame, never could bear the sight, sound or smell of a studio. Baby Peggy of other years is back in Holly-



International

The famous child actor is growing up, outgrowing his rôles. Does this mean that he will have to leave the screen, as all other child stars before him have—or will he be the first to grow up ON the screen? His mother tells her plans for his future, no matter which happens!



The picture at the left illustrates graphically how Jackie is growing up. Mary Pickford, standing beside him, is five feet tall. Will he continue to have screen rôles to study, as above, or be taking a few years' vacation?

wood again, now in her late teens, preparing to stage a comeback. But there has been a span of years in which Baby Peggy has been unseen and unsung.

Is another child star about to join that limbo of forgotten children? What is there ahead for Jackie when he can no longer wring the hearts of his audiences with his little boy appeal, his wistful knuckles-in-the-eyes sobs, his pathetic ministrings to some burly brute of a father? For now Jackie is reaching a stage where he cannot sit on Wally Beery's lap much longer without evoking laughter, instead of gulps and tightened throats. Compare the Jackie of "The Champ" to the Jackie of "The Bowery"—and you, too, will wonder: What is ahead for Jackie?

It must be sad for a child star suddenly to drop out of the glittering, toy-strewn Heavens and land plop down on earth, just another boy to whom nobody pays any special attention.

At the moment, for instance, Jackie craves to solicit subscriptions for magazines. Can't you imagine the reception he would receive now if some good housewife or movie going maid should open the front door and find Jackie Cooper there, asking her to buy some women's periodicals? And can't you

(Continued on page 68)

Three Little Pigs Bring Home the Bacon

They've chased the Big, Bad Wolf away from the door of many a showman. They've pepped up the whole movie industry. But WHY have they been such a hit? Everybody from Walt Disney, himself, to Cora Sue Collins has a guess! What's yours?

THE stars menacing Mae West's new supremacy are not Garbo and Hepburn, but those three small porkers, with corkscrew tails, plump bellies, and pink round behinds, heroes of the Walt Disney Silly Symphony, "Three Little Pigs." They pipe their sprightly theme song, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" to such good effect that it is a catch-phrase from Coast to Coast, and threatens to become, via the radio, as great a menace to tranquil living as Mae's "Come up 'n' see me sometime!"

For if the Mae West influence spread wider and faster than any other talkie star's, the little pigs are going further still. Your morning newspaper uses them in its political cartoons. A movie set, between takes, offers a glimpse of Loretta Young and other zanies singing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" The radio brings a symphonic orchestration of the same ditty played by Maestro Paul Whiteman, himself. Neighborhood theatres bill the two reeler above the feature pictures, and reviewers have written it up as importantly as if it were another "Cavalcade."

Led by Mae's example, the Hollywood producers have desperately crammed ribaldry and the Naughty Nineties into forthcoming pictures; and now they must about-face and produce "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Wizard of Oz." And why—WHY—this amazing, embarrassing turn of public taste? For this briefly, is the story of the Silly Symphony that started it all.

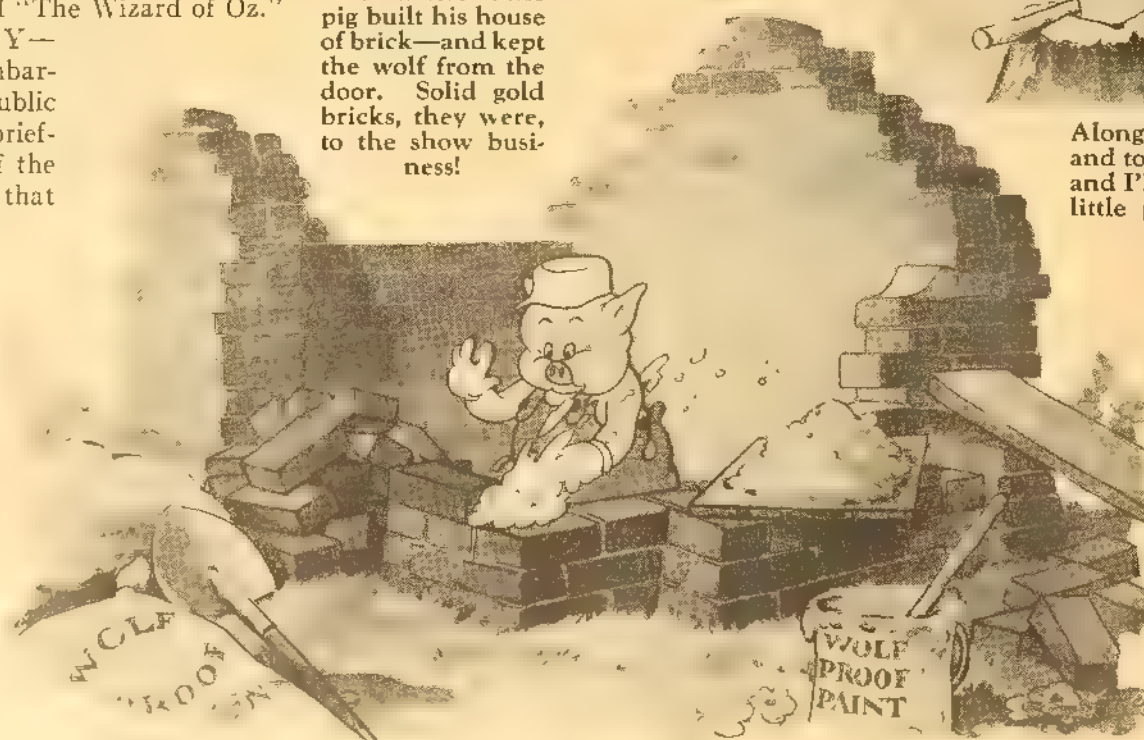
Three little pigs are building new houses. Two are imprudent pigs, who erect flimsy houses of straw and wood. The third is a busy, forward-looking piglet, who builds his house of bricks. Along comes the villain, a great shaggy wolf. With a huff and a puff, he blows down the houses of the heedless pigs. In the old nursery story he gobbled them up, but in the Disney version they scurry to the safety of the wolf proof brick house and the villain is triply foiled. In fact, all three little pigs eventually eat him.

But it is impossible to describe the absurd whimsy, the bounce and gaiety of the drawing, the glee of the two imprudent pigs whenever the wolf temporarily disappears. When he shows up, of course, they dash under the bed or hide beneath a rug. But the moment he is out of sight, disguising himself in a Mother Hubbard for future pig-hunts, they join



Along came the Big Bad and told the pigs to open and I'll blow your house little pigs tried to hide published through

The wisest little pig built his house of brick—and kept the wolf from the door. Solid gold bricks, they were, to the show business!



hands, toot their flute, and sing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" with a brave, hilarious, reckless disregard for consistency.

This is the picture that has been held over in sophis-

ticated New York City for almost six months. If you want to be serious about it, this is a picture that will do much to maintain the supremacy of American movies throughout the world, no matter if Douglas Fairbanks has gone over to England, no matter how violent the proclamations of Herr Hitler. For there

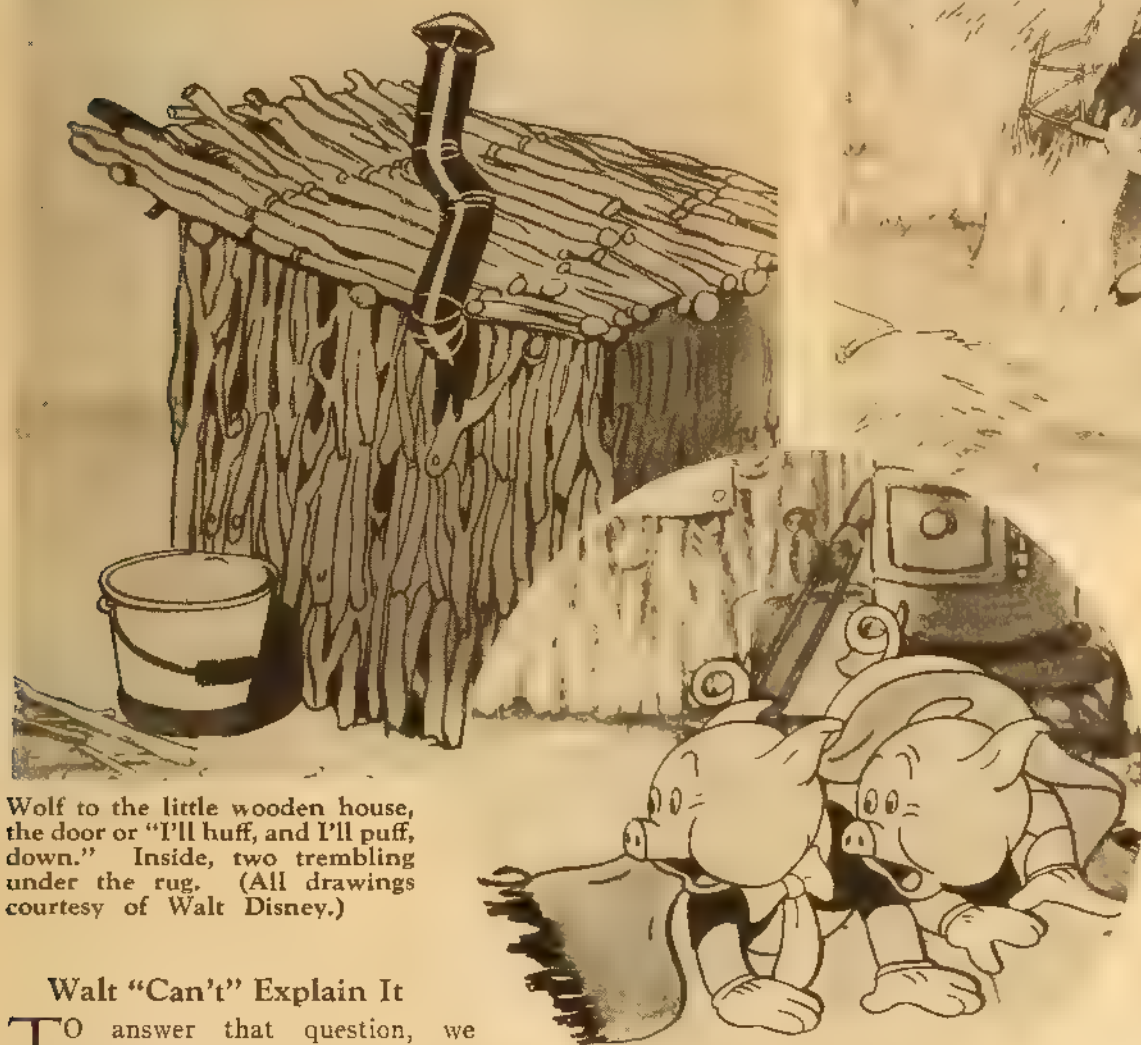
are no language barriers to stop the triumphant dance of the merry piglets, and children in sunny Spain at this moment are hearing them sing out "Quien Teme el Lobo Negro Ferroz?", which is just our old friend "Who's Afraid?" dressed up for the bull fights.

Now, it is surprising to Hollywood that *everyone* enjoys the piglets, for up to now every movie star has had a definite limited audience. Some of you adored Janet Gaynor. Others raved about Garbo. You over in the corner cheered for Mae West. But all of you went for "Three Little Pigs" and the pleasant chink of all your quarters in the box office tills has caused the other producers to demand, simply and very bewilderedly "WHY?" What is the secret of the three little pigs' success, their world wide appeal?

things, trying *fresh* angles—not trying to repeat ourselves."

What! A Hollywood producer who won't even repeat his own product, when all the other studios in town imitate each other without feeling undue qualms? Unthinkable! But this Walt Disney is different. It is the work, itself, that he enjoys, not the money

"I always felt that we had something in the Symphonies," he says seriously. "We have absolute freedom in them. We aren't



Wolf to the little wooden house, the door or "I'll huff, and I'll puff, down." Inside, two trembling under the rug. (All drawings courtesy of Walt Disney.)

Walt "Can't" Explain It

TO answer that question, we have interviewed such exponents of public opinion as a six-year-old child, a famous author, two eminent college professors, a theatre manager, and Mr. Disney, himself. Let's begin at the source of the furore, with Mr. Disney—a modest, affable, earnest young man with an attractive smile and a small black mustache.

"I don't know. You've got me," he protests when asked to account for his porkers' popularity. "I'd like to find out, myself, just why people liked them. Then I'd know better how to do it again. We're just feeling our way here. With all the Silly Symphonies, we have tried to get away from the conventional routine stuff and do something really original."

And the constant demand of the public for originality probably explains it. His desk is piled with telegrams of congratulation, with letters begging him to repeat the pigs, to do a series of pigs, at least to draw a sequel. But he refuses.

"You couldn't top pigs with more pigs," he says, matter-of-factly. "It would be repetitious. We want to go on doing new



When the Wolf was nowhere around, the straw-house pig tooted his flute—"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" His bravado was almost human!

limited in any way. We have no conventional characters around which we must build the stories. We can start with anything that amuses us—a tree, a flower."

Gives Credit to Team-Work

THE *I* of the typical producer, you will note, is conspicuously absent from his conversation. It is always *we*, referring to the hundred odd fellow workers of his charming white-stucco studio, whose awnings and shutters are adorned with small figures of *Mickey Mouse*.

"It's organization that counts," Disney says. "Everyone throws in his little bit, and realizes that whatever he does is just part of the picture. We all work together, no one of us any more important than another."

This team-work gives the studio a curious atmosphere, a homey feeling. The buildings look as if they had been built to last longer than a year or two. The people working there seem to feel secure in their jobs. In Hollywood, these aspects are so unusual as to startle the confirmed Hollywoodite.)

You remember the familiar Horatio Alger story of Disney's first success. Hollywood producers told him *Mickey* was no good. He thought differently, and proved to be right. Strangely enough, the same thing happened with the Silly Symphonies.

(Continued on page 50)

Why Do Movie Couples “ELOPE”?

Is it natural for girls—especially actresses—to forego big weddings? Is it natural for stars to try to dodge publicity? Let's look into the reasons why they go in for “secrecy”!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

SINCE January 4, 1933 when Joan Blondell, “disguised” in dark goggles and a flaming red wig, tried to marry cameraman George Barnes “secretly” at Phoenix, the motion picture capital has been rocked by twenty-three lovequakes, all as sudden and unheralded. By airplane, automobile and express train, Hollywood's impatient lovers have sped at all hours of the night toward Yuma, Las Vegas, and the Mexican border, while columnists napped, news photographers played poker, studio publicity men looked the other way, and even the former husbands and wives of the elopers didn't guess what was going on. Why does Hollywood take so much trouble to “elope”?

In the last year, Hollywood has not been treated to one authentic Voice That Breathed Over Eden Prince Albert-and-a-e-veil wedding and being the most sentimental of cities, it is beginning to feel cheated. It remembers the time when weddings were WEDDINGS when Vilma Banker's and Rod La Rocque's marriage brought out a hundred silk hats and a stagecoach with four coal black horses. It remembers Ruth Roland's two orchestras and veris of velvet train borne by staggering pages. It remembers John Barrymore's tears as he kissed his beautiful bride at the altar, and Catherine Fritzsche's ropes of roses and gold wedding gifts guarded by armed detectives.

Hollywood loves a show, and when its most gorgeous girls pull an an old plot out, Jean Harlow didn't even wear a hat, and run away to be married in some dingy courtroom lighted with one unshaded electric bulb with a sleepy taxi driver and a char woman for the only witnesses, its professional sense of dramatic values is shocked. Somebody has missed a chance for a Big Scene.

Is It Natural to “Elope”?

WHY does Hollywood elope? Hollywood brides are not only women, with women's passion for shining satin, virginal faces swooning music and flowers, but they are

Why did Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother) and Boots Mallory (below) “elope” so suddenly to Tia Juana? Well for one thing, California requires three days' notice of intention to wed!



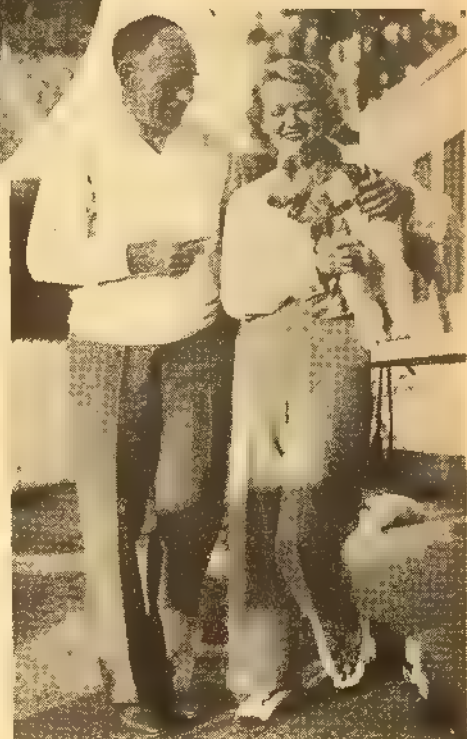
Banker Joseni Sefton didn't want to be known as a star's husband, so he and Minna Gombell (right) plotted secrecy and went to Yuma

pageant would bring them. And yet this last year one star after another has sacrificed the thrills and charms of an old-time wedding, and, what is still more amazing, the publicity stories that

“Eloppements” of 1933

Joan Blondell and George Barnes, to Phoenix, Ariz., January 4; Buster Keaton and Mae Scrivens Hawley, to Ensenada, Mexico, January 8; Bela Lugosi and Lillian Arch, to Las Vegas, Nev., January 31; Alice Joyce and Clarence Brown, to Las Vegas, Nev., March 31; Buster Crabbe and Adah Virginia Held, to Yuma, Ariz., April 13; Mrs. Mabel Cooper mother of Jackie and Charles J. Bigelow, to Yuma, Ariz., April 30; Billie Dove and Robert Kenaston, to Yuma, Ariz., May 4; Ruth Elder and A. A. Gillespie, to Yuma, Ariz., May 9; Minna Gombell and Joseph Sefton, to Yuma, Ariz., May 20; Dorothy Jordan and Merian C. Cooper, to Williams, Ariz., May 27; Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien, to Santa Ynez Mission, July 15; Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams, to Elko, Nev., July 18; Mary Duncan and Stephen Sanford, to City Hall, New York City, September 2; Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield, to Agua Caliente, Mexico, September 4; Lucille Browne and James Flavin, Jr., to Tia Juana, Mexico, September 17; Jean Harlow and Harold Rosson, to Yuma, Ariz., September 18; Boots Mallory and William Cagney, to Tia Juana, Mexico, September 23; Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, to Yuma, Ariz., September 24; Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller to Las Vegas, Nev., October 8; Ethel Wales and John W. Stockton, to Yuma, Ariz., October 16; Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, to Rye, N. Y., October 20; Polly Moran and Martin Malone, to Las Vegas, Nev., October 21; and Andy Devine and Dorothy House, to Las Vegas, Nev., October 28.

actresses as well, with actresses' appreciation of the pictorial possibilities of a wedding and the amount of magazine and newspaper space that such a





One big wedding had ended in tragedy. So Jean Harlow wanted a "strictly private" wedding when she married Harold Rosson (left)

space is the reporters' revenge when a romance on which they have been keeping a proprietary eye suddenly explodes in an "elopement" too late for the early editions. If, in addition, it has leaked to one paper, to the mortification of the

rest, the consequences to the star may be serious. Sally Eilers invited a newspaper woman along on her elopement. Other local journals claimed bitterly that Sally "eloped" accommodatingly just to give a "scoop" to a friend. Fortunately for Sally, they got a tip off about the wedding in time to prevent a "scoop." If they hadn't, they might have boycotted her in the future. Reporters are that sore!

It has developed into a battle of wits between movie lovers and the Press as to whether the knot can be tied before the papers go to bed or not. The Marrying Justices of Yuma, Arizona, and Las Vegas, Nevada, who are getting accustomed to finding famous movie couples on their doorsteps at odd hours of the night, are sworn to secrecy. "Cupid" otherwise Airplane Pilot Allen Russell, who usually takes screen sweethearts on these romantic jaunts, gives away no secrets. Airport officials have nothing to say. Just recently, Hollywood has had the spectacle of local reporters, haggard and wild-eyed, trying to keep up with Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller as they led them on wild-goose chases

to the City Hall and Las Vegas, from which they returned chuckling and pretending they were still unmarried.

The Difference in Jean's Weddings

THE difference in the publicity value of an old fashioned, sentimental wedding to which the Hollywood Great are invited, and one of these hasty, fly-by-night elopements is shown in Jean Harlow's case. When she married Paul Bern a year ago,

Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien (right) "eloped" to an old Mission—"the most romantic setting possible"



To Hollywood, Airplane Pilot Allen Russell (right) is "Cupid"—because he has flown so many "elopers" to their weddings



Dorothy Lee, unlucky in marriage twice, wanted a quiet wedding when she married football-star Marshall Duffield (above)

it is worth for an uncomfortable midnight trip, a hasty, justice-of-the peace ceremony and a stingy half column in the second section of the next morning's paper.

The skimpy newspaper



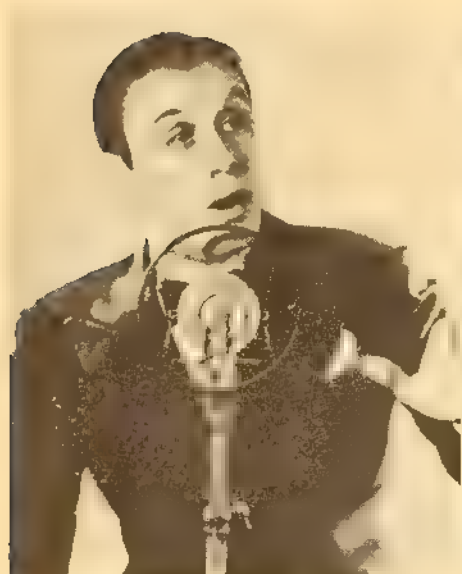
the ceremony was the conventional one, with all the trimmings of guests, detectives guarding the presents, five-storied cake, bridesmaids and bouquets. And for weeks magazines and Sunday supplements carried pictures. When almost

exactly a year later, she married Harold Rosson, her cameraman, in a dawn ceremony at (Continued on page 64)

Sally Eilers wanted her second marriage—to director Harry Joe Brown—to be "different"

International

The Answers to TEN QUESTIONS That Baffled Hollywood This Month



Are Russ Columbo (far left) and Bing Crosby (near left)—now screen, as well as radio, rivals—even bitterer enemies than in their early days?

If you want to discover what Hollywood is talking about to day read James M. Fidler's revealing answers to the month's ten most baffling questions—answers compiled only after consid-

erable investigation and inquiry:

1. *Why did Eric Linden quietly disappear?*

One day Eric drove his automobile into the shop from which it had been purchased, and left it. From that day until a week later, nobody heard one word from him. At the end of a week, Eric's mother, distraught over his

Why did so many stars stay away from the première of "I'm No Angel"? Why does Joan Blondell want to change her name? Here are the answers—and the answers to eight other big, puzzling questions!

BY JAMES M. FIDLER

Stop guessing about baffling Hollywood rumors—and learn how much truth (if any) lies behind them! Here, for the third month, *MOTION PICTURE* penetrates ten talked-about "mysteries" of Hollywood—and comes out with the answers. Keep up-to-date on this question-and-answer series, and you will be keeping up-to-date on the Hollywood topics of the day. You will have some real information, reliable information, told in a few, frank words.—*Editor.*

WHEN Hollywood goes agog—all there is excitement to it! And Hollywood has found plenty to gossip about this month. Two months ago the movie industry was battling incessantly about divorces, but this month not one divorce or separation is recorded among the ten most baffling topics.

What was behind Eric Linden's sudden disappearance from Hollywood? Frances Dee, with whom he played in "The Silver Cord" (right), married The Other Chap Joel McCrea (above). When Eric smokes, he means it!



disappearance, received a radiogram from the youthful actor. He was on an Atlantic liner, en route to Europe.

The explanation of his strange behavior is contained in a letter written by Linden. He stated that for many months he had been deeply in love with Frances Dee. On the day Eric read in the newspapers that Frances had promised to become the wife of Joel McCrea (they were married October 20), he abruptly left Hollywood in order to get away from the scene of his first big love; he went to Europe to try to Forget It All. He said once that he was going to dodge love for years yet—which adds a dramatic touch of irony to the sequel.

Why are the stars organizing "for self-protection," as they never have before? Right, you see a group signing up with the new Screen Actor's Guild

Acme Photo



2. Did the screen stars snub Mae West?

A comparatively poor showing of Hollywood stars—most of them from Mae's own studio—attended the Chinese Theatre premiere of "I'm No Angel," her second starring vehicle. As a rule, the star attendance at Chinese openings includes the majority of important screen players.

Though no stars will publicly admit the reason for their not being present at Mae's premiere, the private explanation is that they were "giving Mae a taste of her own medicine." When she first came to Hollywood, she was invited to many social affairs, but rarely attended. In addition, she attended few, if any, premieres of other stars.

But while the movie colony hints that Mae's own failure to participate in Hollywood's social life accounts for the failure of Hollywood to attend the opening of her picture, outside observers blame other stars' non-attendance on professional jealousy of Mae's dazzling and spontaneous success. Take your pick!



Is it true that John Warburton (right) struck Alice White? Alice testified that he did—but denied that Sidney Bartlett (with her, above) had ever plotted revenge with her. A suspect said that he had been hired to "beat up" Warburton

3. Are Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo speaking to one another again?

Yes, they are now friends—after an enmity that existed for years. Their mutual distaste for each other commenced when

both were members of an orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove, several years ago.

Now that both are in Hollywood, they have again met on different grounds—both as successful radio and screen artists. Although they are far from being cronies, Columbo was an invited guest at the Crosby baby-christening and house-warming party.

4. How much truth is there to the report of a Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald-Ernst Lubitsch "feud"?

Newspapers glaringly related that Chevalier departed Hollywood for a vacation in France with the remark that he did not want Miss MacDonald to appear opposite him in "The Merry Widow," to be made on his return, nor did he want Lubitsch to direct the film. Working with both of them, he has made his greatest successes.

How true is it that director Ernst Lubitsch, Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier (above) are "on the outs" because Chevalier was reported to have said he didn't want either associated with "The Merry Widow"?

When reporters questioned Lubitsch, the director stated that he did not believe that Chevalier made any such statement. "Then why does he not write or telegraph you or Miss MacDonald and deny it?", the reporters demanded. When Lubitsch could not answer, the newspaper representatives sought to construct a triangular feud—for Jeanette also could not believe the report, but could not refute them.

The real truth is that Chevalier, traveling to New York at the time the stories appeared in newspapers, did not know about them. When he reached New York and was confronted with the startling bannerlines, he at once telegraphed both Miss MacDonald and Lubitsch—but the newspapers never published his telegrams.

5. Who tipped off reporters to Sally Eilers' elopement?

Miss Eilers invited to her wedding a well-known syndicate writer, presumably for the purpose of allowing this writer to achieve a "scoop" story about the elopement.

But somebody tipped off the reporters of other papers—recently it has been learned that the "somebody" was none other than Harry Joe Brown, Miss Eilers' own husband.

(Continued on page 83)

The Picture



HOUSE ON 56TH STREET

Moderate Entertainment Star And Cast Fine Because the early turn of the century is depicted with considerable charm and because the final sequences ring about a strong denouement, this latest excursion into the "Madame X" theme is moderate entertainment for those who enjoy crying over their harassed heroines. But there is no denying that the plot takes a long time to unfold. A Florida girl marries wealth and goes to live in the "House on 56th Street" where her daughter is born. Falsey convicted of murder, she serves twenty years in prison. Released, she turns professional gambler, and eventually plays against her daughter, who does not know her.

Kay Francis makes the most of this big acting part. Margaret Lindsay, with only a single scene as the daughter, ranks second. The men Gene Raymond, John Holliday, Ricardo Cortez and William Boyd are uniformly excellent. Warner



THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Sure Hit Harlow At Her Best When Hollywood decides to laugh at itself it finds plenty of material. This story of a movie star and her tireless press-agent will seem like farce to the public, comedy to Hollywood, but to some of us it is almost too true to be funny. Rapid action and a volcanic method of delivering the lines makes fairly dull dialogue seem witty, and gets over some bored lines safely. Jean Harlow burlesques herself in a performance that never flags or loses pitch and in some scenes, as where she longs for the patter of little feet, rises to the heights of satire. Lee Tracy adds dash as a noisy press agent. In fact, the general tone of the picture is noise. Franchot Tone does a delightful piece of portraiture and so does Frank Morgan. It's a signal for a laugh whenever he appears. Some of the references may be a bit local for the public, but the intimate atmosphere of behind the scenes and of Hollywood life will prove a great draw. It's sure to be a hit. (M.G.M.)



THE MAD GAME

Gangster Plot With Variations Well Acted This picture claims to answer the question, "When Prohibition is repealed what will the gangsters do?" Spencer Tracy "doesn't consider himself a criminal" because, as he explains, naively, he only sells beer to people who would buy it from somebody anyhow. This seems to qualify him for the rôle of hero. He lives up to the part by joining the forces of Law and Order and rescuing a kidnapped bridegroom and bride from his old gang, which has turned to the "snatch" racket.

It's a new variation on the gang pictures, but not quite new enough to be worth while except for two swell performances, that of J. Carrol Nash as the successor to the hero's gang leadership and that of Clare Trevor as the hard-boiled newspaper girl, who furnishes the love interest. This blonde newcomer has a crisp, vivid personality slightly reminiscent of Glenda Farrell and is certainly going places. (Fox.)



THE INVISIBLE MAN

Noir Thriller You Won't Want To Miss As a thriller, "The Invisible Man" will live up to anything its advertising says for it is what a movie picture does.

Experimenting with a formula for invisible rayings, scientist finds what he needs. But he cannot return to his natural form. If he is touched, he goes berserk and becomes an unseen menace.

On the screen could have accomplished this. J. G. Wells' story. The critical character is visible when clothed, his body damaged, his gloves or his hands. When he removes his clothing, his body is transparent. There's a moment you would not remember when he seemingly throws his leg at his tormentors. Claude Rains, in a flash, makes an unusual screen character, unusual in that it is never seen. His performance is excellent. William Harrigan gives a good account of himself as the unwilling accomplice, and John Stuart is a level-headed character.



A MAN'S CASTLE

Life-Like And Poignant See It. Frank Borzage has here achieved an "Eighth Heaven" with Shantytown characters as poignantly sympathetic as his beloved *Peter and Clara*. As a matter of fact, *Peter and Clara* are less ethereal, their emotions more human. She is a waif shamelessly in love with this man who has befriended her. He is a free soul glorying in the starry sky that betokens his freedom, saving grudgingly the affection that he instinctively knows will shackle him.

Loretta Young is *Irma*. Spencer Tracy is *Bill*. Difficult indeed to imagine two more perfect characterizations. When Loretta first sees the stove her man has bought her, starts to touch it only to drop to her knees before its beauty, she will break your heart. When Tracy tries to make the break that will rid him of this girl thing in his life, he gives you something neither physical nor verbal but mental. These performances seem too real to be acting. (Columbia.)



KING FOR A NIGHT

Packs Realism And Punch Few pictures in recent years have had the courage to present as strong a dramatic climax as is contained here. It becomes more powerful because it is totally unexpected. The situation is this: a man's son turns prize fighter and reaches the top of his division due partly to the interest of an influential promoter. Unknown to him his sister has helped his career by becoming the promoter's mistress. She kills the man when he threatens to expose their relationship and the fighter assumes the blame. Convicted of murder the hour of his execution nears. You have cause to anticipate a last-minute reprieve. But the story moves fearlessly to its strong climax.

The ending may be a bit morbid for the average taste. Yet its power is undeniable. Chester Morris lends authority to the fighter and Grant Mitchell makes a splendid father. Helen Twelvetrees plays well. (Universal.)

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE
NEWEST PICTURES



FEMALE

Old-Fashioned Sex In The Modern Manner: Ruth Chatterton again plays Ruth Chatterton in the setting of a huge automobile plant that the heroine has inherited. As a woman with the brains and business ability of a man, she alternates between days filled with dictaphones, conferences, decisions involving millions and nights devoted to romantic dalliance with the handsome employees.

The parallel of the masculine attitude holds here as the recipients of her favors are promptly forgotten or paid off the next day. At last she meets one man (George Brent) who refuses to be the plaything of a moment and you can write the stock ending for yourself.

The naive assumption seems to be that millionairesses don't tarnish like ordinary ladies. Astonishing sets give a luxurious atmosphere to the picture, with Ruth taking several baths taking them very charmingly, too. Old-fashioned sex served up in the modern manner. (Warner)



COLLEGE COACH

No Great Shakes -Fair Enough: For the second time this season, Hollywood tackles a debunking of football, the first having been Universal's "Saturday's Millions." In "College Coach" the racket angle of the game is thrown for a loss. Or is it? Professionalism pays, according to this story. But the sensational methods of the "great" coach are a little too blatant to stand unchallenged. The difficulty seems to be that the picture never makes up its mind whether it is satire or an exposé, with the result that it is only fair entertainment.

Performances are on a par with the writing and direction. Lyle Talbot is outstanding as a concerned professional and Dick Powell as an earnest amateur. Pat O'Brien gives a vigorous, well-rounded portrayal of the coach. Ann Dvorak however seems to have lost completely her stride since returning from her runaway European jaunt. Hugh Herbert again scores briefly. (Warner)



CRADLE SONG

Story Never Gets Going -Star Okay: A beautifully photographed beautifully written piece of work which proves conclusively that these qualities are not enough for a picture. It is unfortunate that Dorothea Wieck, the German import, was given as dull and futile a story for her first American appearance. Her personality is vivid and vital, but her part as the nun, whose thwarted mother love finds solace in the bringing up of a little foundling inside the convent that has imprisoned her womanhood, gives her few opportunities.

Mental action—and there is plenty of this in "Cradle Song"—never seems to get across on the screen. The director and the cast worked with a will and the result is technically flawless. But it remains one of the unanswered questions of Hollywood why studios buy motionless stories for motion pictures. Still, Miss Wieck arouses interest and the happiest expectation for her next appearance. (Paramount)



BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE

Drama With Words And Music—See It: Without benefit of big screen names, and apparently relying on Walter Winchell's authorship for its draw, this drama of the pretty little dancer for whom the king of gangdom bought a night club, bids fair to create two stars. One is Paul Kelly, who gives a startling performance, which should be judged on its own merits. This man is a real actor, with power, repression and passion.

Russ Columbo, as the crooner who wins the girl, not only sings, but has a dramatic scene where he defies the gangster, which brought a spontaneous award of applause from a hard-boiled preview audience. Constance Cummings is so charming you forgive her for trying to sing. Several Broadway personalities including the late Texas Guinan, smart songs, and dialogue that reflects the patter of Mazza Lane never let you forget the title. (Twentieth Century)



DESIGN FOR LIVING

Milestone In Screen Progress: No one but Lubitsch could make screen entertainment acceptable to average audiences out of this frothy, talky play of Noel Coward. No one but Lubitsch, cleverly assisted by the suave Fredric March, the surefire Edward Everett Horton, the boyishly naive Gary Cooper and the sophisticated Miriam Hopkins could make the basic idea of this story of one woman living happily and openly with two men at the same time palatable to movie moralists.

The lines—many by Ben Hecht, as well as Coward—are so delicious, and the innuendo so subtle that the whole situation is lifted into the realm of fantastic persons' behavior, and needs no excuses. When many of the long sequences are pruned this picture will be one of the screen achievements of the year, reflecting glory on everyone connected with it. It is a definite milestone, marking how far the films have advanced. You can't afford to miss it. (Paramount)



THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY

Scores Knockout As Hit Of The Year: You have never seen anything like the fight between Max Baer and Primo Carnera. But then a world's champion and his outstanding challenger have never met before in screen drama. Still plenty of credit to cue director W. S. Van Dyke for a thrillingly authentic staging of the battle that some day will be fought in earnest.

Comparing this picture to former fight films is like matching a heavyweight champ with an amateur bantamweight. The story is that familiar one about the cocky fighter whose success goes to his head. But the manner in which the plot has been fashioned makes knockout entertainment. It should also make a new star, for Max Baer gives a startlingly fine first performance. Otto Kruger contributes a brilliantly etched portrayal of a gangster. Myrna Loy is sincere as the fighter's wife and Walter Huston scores heavily as the drink-sodden manager. (M-G-M.)



"I've Got to Make Myself All Over!" Says MARY BRIAN

By MAUDE LATHAM

"I AM twenty-four years old and I've got to make myself all over!" says Mary Brian, with feeling. "This is much more tragic than it sounds. In other walks of life, if a girl is not doing so well, she can take time off and become something else. And if she becomes a modiste, the fact that she may formerly have been a milliner will not be a disadvantage. But when a girl becomes out-moded in pictures, and takes time off to create a new personality, he or she may never have a chance again. The successful comebacks are almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth."

This, of all things from Mary Brian, whom the world has thought content to play along in any part given her.

Maybe you think, as Johnny Farrow would say, that I have been getting my exercise by rumping at conclusions. I wish this were true, but I am pretty certain of where I stand. I mean I know we never stop. We either go forward or backward. So, I am taking stock of myself.

Don't think this is pleasant business. I don't like it thoroughly. It would be much pleasanter to go on, strutting like with a false sense of security. But all of my life I have made myself do the things that I feared to do, so I am looking myself squarely in the face.

A few months ago I said to myself, "Mary Brian, you are a dead end, been pigeon holed, and a failure. What are you going to do about it?"

If Mary Brian went Garboesque, she'd look as at the top. If she went Mae Westian, she'd look as above. And if she remained herself, she'd be as you'll see her in "Fog" (right). Which do you prefer?



Mary has turned rebel. She claims that no director will believe she has sex appeal or admit that a "nice" girl can be dramatic. So she's going to do something about it. But what? She reveals what's on her mind in this intimate interview!

She's Studying All the Stars

"WHEN a dress goes out of style, a girl has a choice of two alternatives. She can either get more material and alter the dress or purchase an entirely new frock. Reluctantly admitting that I am out-moded, I cannot actually draw a new body out of the conjuring bag, so it's up to me to bring the one I have up-to-date.

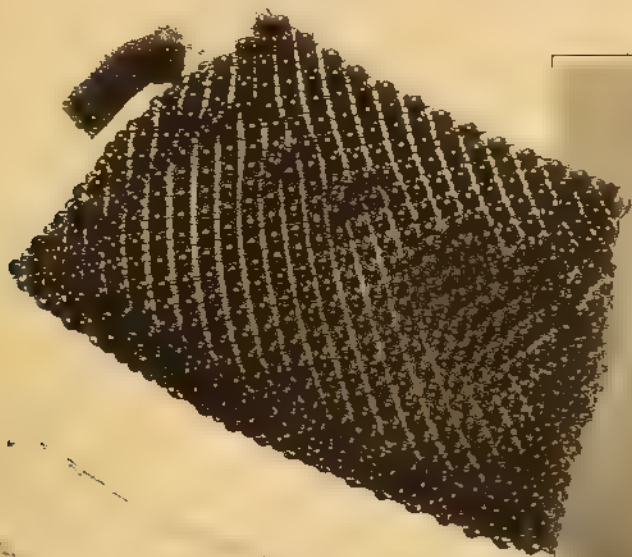
"Mae West has absolutely revolutionized the vogue in women. Both men and women are now eager for the virile type of feminine appeal. Which leaves the little ingénue hanging on a limb. She has to climb higher or drop. I am foolish enough to attempt the flight. I don't know yet just how this is to be accomplished, but I am studying every actress who is now pleasing the public.

"First, I have considered the glamorous Garbo and Dietrich, and the smaller satellites that follow in their

wake. This doesn't seem to be my forte. While all of my personal friends tell me that they never actually know me, certainly there is no mystery about my screen personality.

(Continued on page 34)

Will your Christmas gifts
bear the mark of *smart approval?*



Upper Bag: No. 1984 New Hobnail Metal Mesh large envelope, pouch, and flat shapes. Tapered slide fastener, silk-lined double pocket mirror mesh tassel and back strap.

Lower Bag: No. 3561. Pouch style in Beadlite Metal Mesh, smart clasp frame, chain handle. Silk-lined, with mirror. Made also in Pearlized colors.

MISS LORETTA YOUNG, charming moving picture star of the 20th Century Pictures Production. Born to be Bad in a Whiting & Davis complete Metal Mesh Ensemble.



Bags and Ensembles in METAL MESH are Fashion-sanctioned suggestions . . .

"Hand in hand with Fashion," Metal Mesh gleams brilliantly on the smartest costumes of Fall and Winter . . . in complete ensembles . . . or in highlights of brightly cheerful contrast against newest fabrics. ☛ Bags in every type of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh. Ensemble effects in jackets, capes, belts, gauntlets, hats and jewelry . . . and **newest . . . shoes** in Metal Mesh! Fascinating opportunities for selection . . . unusual, desirable, practical gifts, \$3 to \$10. ☛ Check them at your favorite store against your Christmas list. Discover how easily they will solve your Holiday remembrance problems.

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Write for the interesting folder "Miracles in Mesh," illustrating unusual Holiday gifts.

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A TRIO OF TRICKS THAT EVERY CHIC GIRL SHOULD KNOW



'The Search for Beauty' isn't just the title of the picture that Lona Andre (right) is now making, it is also an old Hollywood custom. And Lona has discovered that there is no place for perfume like the hair right under your dance partner's nose, where he can't escape its intoxication. Miriam Jordan (top), now in 'Fox Movie Time Follies of 1934' has discovered that a girl can do things with her eyebrows besides raise them. Powder the natural brow or pick it pencil the desired line and you can change from an ingenue into a sophisticated actress versa. Fannie McTear, now in 'The Hollywood Party' has discovered what to do with your skin after the hair lemonade is made. She dips her elbows in the hollow halves to remove wrinkles and whiten her skin. Try it.

Letters From Our Readers

(Continued from page 13)

they are unbelievably lax

Some months ago I attended a showing of "Back Street" and "What Price Hollywood?" In one, the heroine lived for years as the mistress of a married man. In the other a drunkard committed suicide in the home of the heroine involving her in a nasty scandal. For an adult who has learned discrimination, those pictures would give entertainment without unpleasant after-effects. For a child or adolescent, they set a pattern of behavior distinctly not to be followed. Yet more than half the audience that afternoon were children.

If mothers would read reputable reviews of pictures before letting their children attend shows hit-or-miss, they would find the movies a source of education, as well as amusement.

Mrs. E. J. N

A College Humorist Comments

BROOKINGS, S. D. So this is "collidge." If none of those concerned in that inane film "College Humor" has ever been on a campus, must they advertise the fact? Enrollment in a correspondence course would doubtless clarify their ideas of college life.

The picturization of Jack Oakie's four, or maybe a score, of glorious years at dear ol' Midwestern is disgusting but unfortunately there are people who believe that college is as represented in the movies. Little wonder our legislators feel it unnecessary to waste taxpayers' money on higher education.

Heaven help the Freshman who expects to see a fleet of roadsters racing down fraternity row, carrying the invariably hunch backed football captain, Ziegfeld co-eds, tap-dancing deans, crooning professors, and for variety an inebriated fullback, who will make at least one touchdown in the last three seconds of the game with Yarwood, the college down the alley. Of course, there is the inevitable Felta Thibrawl in the Hall of Science.

Youthful talent such as Eric Linden, Tom Brown, Dorothy Wilson and Lona Andre could convincingly portray interesting, amusing phases really representative of college life. The way to obtain this might be to educate a director. Why not offer a scholarship for this worthy cause?

Jane Disbrow.

A New Career for Lionel

NEWARK, N. J. I want to see Lionel Barrymore in some of those historical films that George Arliss has been doing for us in such a fine manner. I refer to the famous characters that fill the pages of history, whose lives with but little padding, would make excellent screen fare.

Barrymore should excel in some of those characterizations, for did he not prove it with *Rasputin*? I can think of no one but our own Lionel who would be able to give us as fine work along this particular line as has characterized Mr. Arliss's distinguished gallery of perfect likenesses.

Mrs. Kate Colter

500 PEOPLE IN SCIENTIFIC TESTS END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

You may benefit by what they proved—Pepsodent Antiseptic fought off colds—cut time lost from colds in half.

Recently an interesting test was conducted to fight new facts about the cold. Scientists found that the antiseptic Pepsodent Antiseptic is gargled and to spray with makes an average of how many colds you have makes a difference as to how long they last. These scientists took a group of 500 people and observed them closely for a year. Here are some of the remarkable results covered.

A cold will last five days on the average. Pepsodent Antiseptic is gargled and a cold is cut to two days. From a cold were saved.

Many of the group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had no colds at all. The number of colds was greater than among the group who used other antiseptics or salt water. This is the first test of its kind. The conditions with the salt water. Much has learned by the public to use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Now \$1 equals \$3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

THE test of any antiseptic is: *will it work?* How effectively Pepsodent Antiseptic "works" is now on official record. Tests on 500 people give science convincing proof of what Pepsodent offers you in fighting winter colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. In fighting colds some gargled with plain salt and water—some with other leading antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent Antiseptic. Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

What convincing evidence—what re-

markable testimony. Here is a clear-cut example of the extra protection that Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about Antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with water, many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes three times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic and none other. Safeguard your health—and save your hard-earned money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Why Do Movie Couples "Elope"?

(Continued from page 55)

Yuma, it received practically no newspaper comment after the first news broke.

"We decided to elope to escape all the fuss and publicity," the stars explain. "We wanted to be alone away from prying cameras and staring eyes."

We-ee! Mebbe. But remember, this is Hollywood, California, not Englewood, New Jersey, or Maplewood, Illinois. And in Hollywood, publicity is the breath of life; cameras mean careers, and as for prying eyes—come now, when did a real actor or actress ever want to escape from the public eye? As a matter of fact, most of the recent "elopers" telephoned the news photographers from Yuma or Las Vegas, letting them know at what airport to await their return.

Indeed, some of the more disgruntled news hounds even went so far as to accuse Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller of a publicity gag in trying to keep everybody guessing for three weeks.

Certainly they obtained almost as much newspaper space and headlines by their prolonged "eloping" as they would have had from a church wedding with ten ushers and ten bridesmaids!

Studios Are Seldom Warned

THE studios themselves, are seldom consulted when one of their players decides on a hasty marriage. The first that M-G-M knew of Jean Harlow's elopement, it is said, was when executives and officials read of it in the morning paper. Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, who suddenly decided to marry in the East in October, did the unconventional thing in letting their studio—and even the newspapers—in on their plans. But they didn't tell *where* they would be married—except they were "going to find a little white country church."

Yet, risking the rage of the Press, the anger of the studios, and the loss of the most sympathetic and favorable publicity possible, Hollywood's intrepid lovers continue to fly motor and take the train to remote spots to say "I do."

Jean Harlow explained the suddenness of her nuptials in lyrical style. "We were on location last week. One night after we had finished shooting, Hal and I went for a walk. We stopped beneath a giant saguaro, silvered in the pale moonlight. Hal looked at me. I looked at him. We knew then that we would be married. . . . Sunday night we were discussing the plans for the wedding. Suddenly, I knew the time had come. We arranged for an airplane."

One reason for the secrecy in this case seems to be that Jean, who has a feeling for the conventions (as witness her rigidly observed six months of widowed seclusion), felt that it would be bad taste to have another big public wedding. It would only remind the world of last year, when she posed in a gorgeous wedding dress beside a happy-looking bridegroom, whose death a few weeks later shocked the world.

The Most Successful "Elopers"

It took that arrant gossip, Walter Winchell, to reveal, to the public that Dorothy Jordan and producer Merian C. Cooper, Hollywood's most successful elopers, had eloped several months after getting married in Williams, Arizona. Dorothy, the youngest of six, her husband, intrepid before he was of jungle and wilderness, yes, a horror of personal publicity. They chose Williams, Arizona, because it was the closest station to the Grand Canyon, the honeymoon place of a bridegroom who felt at home only in scenic views of the rotten path.

Dorothy took the train at Pasadena, Mr. Cooper at Los Angeles. Arriving in Williams, they discovered that the Episcopal minister could not marry them because of a three days' clause in the church laws. Dorothy waited on a revolving stool at the corner drugstore while her prospective bridegroom searched for a minister who would marry elopers—a task harder than taking "Chang" in a tropical jungle! Three village belles, dropping in for sodas, recognized the movie star, and almost fainted with delight when Dorothy came over to them and asked them sweetly to be her bridesmaids. A Methodist minister married them and after a few days at the Grand



Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller didn't try to take a honeymoon. They tried to keep reporters guessing, instead!

Canyon, they returned to an unsuspecting Hollywood.

They had intended revealing their own secret with formally engraved announcements sent out by Dorothy's mother, but the ubiquitous Mr. Winchell beat them to it. "One thing," says Dorothy quietly, "I will not talk to anyone on is my wedding and my marriage. That is mine. It belongs to no one else." And in Dorothy's case this isn't just prattle!

Why Minna Planned Secrecy

ON May 16, Minna Gombell and banker Joseph W. Sefton uttered a last denial of marriage intentions and drove through the Spring night to Yuma, where they found that their coming was already known to the Press.

"We hadn't intended to tell anyone for months," Minna laughs. "I've known Joe for eight years, it wasn't any sudden fancy. But you see, his friends are all San Diego people. He wanted me to give up the screen when I married, and I wouldn't. So there we stuck for two years. He just didn't think he wanted his wife to be an actress

so finally I had a bright idea. If people didn't know I *was* his wife, he wouldn't be embarrassed and I'd still be able to keep my career and everything would be fine and dandy. Hence the elopement! But as it happens, it worked out all right, anyhow."

On July 15, Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien slipped quietly away from Hollywood with several cars full of friends and relatives to the crumbling old Santa Ynez Mission in the hills behind Santa Barbara.

"I've never been married before," Marguerite explains, "and I hope I'll never be married again, so I wanted something romantic to remember. A Hollywood wedding, where you promise to love, honor and obey while flashlight bulbs explode from behind the altar, wasn't exactly my idea. The Santa Ynez Mission is the most romantic place in California, forty miles off the tourist routes. We knew that there no photographer would appear out of the holy-water fount. And now I can look back at my wedding as any woman wants to, as the most romantic and beautiful moment of my life."

Sally Had "Showers" Later

SALLY EILERS admitted that she didn't mind losing out on the fun of a big wedding, with all the fixin's. "I had that once when I married Hoot," she says. "This time I wanted it to be different. And I didn't lose out on all the fun, anyhow. I had several 'showers' when I got back from Yuma."

"An elopement appealed to their romantic young minds," Buster Crabbe's new mother-in-law explained to the Press, after reporters learned of his Yuma marriage to Adah Virginia Held. In a desperate effort to avoid detection, "Buster" gave his real name of "Clarence" and filled in the space after "Occupation" on the license questionnaire with "Salesman."

Movie stars may be able to escape from the newspapers, but they can seldom fool their public. Jack Dempsey and his "cheerful little earful" musical comedy bride, Hannah Williams, registered in an Elko (Nevada) hotel for their wedding breakfast under fake names, but were immediately recognized and seen off on their automobile honeymoon by a huge and cheering crowd of cow punchers, sheep herders, townies and tourists. And although Mary Duncan and her millionaire polo player bridegroom were married "with celerity and simplicity" by a deputy clerk in New York's City Hall, with only a scrubwoman for a bridesmaid, their secret was out before they left the room.

Of the elopements of the last year in Hollywood, only a few brides or bridegrooms were married for the first time. It was Ruth Elder's (now Mrs. A. A. Gillespie's) fourth wedding. Jean Harlow, Alice Joyce (Mrs. Clarence Brown), Minna Gombell and Dorothy Lee (Mrs. Marshall Duffield) were each taking a third husband, and Bela Lugos, was *eloping* for the second time. Perhaps this explains their preference for quiet and secrecy.

Summing Up Possible Reasons

LIKE Sally Eilers, they may have wanted this start of a new romance to be different from anything they had known before. Or again, the depression may have had something to do with it. Though nobody in Hollywood is afraid of the big bad wolf, huge society weddings do cost a lot of money. Or perhaps, it was all a matter of follow-the-leader. Joan Blondell

set the style in 1933 weddings and Hollywood hastened to imitate her, as it imitated Marlene Dietrich's trousers, Clark Gable's sweaters, and Mae West's sibilant sayings.

It has become a sort of game—guessing whether so and so is married or not. Hollywood is even beginning to bet on the probabilities. Recent wagers have revolved around Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, and Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. The only trouble with these bets is that the betters have to be patient!

Probably the star with the best reason of all for eloping was Buster Keaton, whose divorce from Natalie Talmadge was not to be final for months, when he quietly married Mrs. Mae Scrivens Hawley last January in Ensenada, Mexico. On their return since their marriage was not recognized as legal by California, they had to live in a companionate state—until they could elope again recently, to Ventura, California, when Buster's divorce did become final.

And lest you think that these "elopements" might be due only to the natural impulsiveness of youth, consider two of the most recent on-the-run marriages. Ethel Wales tied to Yuma with John W. Stockton to tie the nuptial knot, while Polly Moran and Martin Malone dashed off to Las Vegas. No one is suggesting that Ethel and Polly aren't youthful, but somehow you would naturally picture them as having quiet home weddings. Maybe "eloping" has become a Hollywood habit.

Perhaps the most novel "elopement" of the year, though, was that of Mrs. Mabel Cooper and Charles J. Bigelow. Here you had the sight, not of a mother giving her blessing to an eloping son, but of a son giving his blessing to an "eloping" mother. Jackie, it is said, even acted as Cupid.

But Raquel Torres is setting a new record by announcing her coming "elopement" with Charles Feldman, attorney. "We've been talking of it for two years and something always interfered," Raquel says. "Now we're going to steal away some day when nobody knows."

They'll be sending engraved elopement invitations next! Oh, well. This is Hollywood and that's the answer to our question, after all!



Even William Haines, an old friend, was caught unawares by the elopement of Polly Moran with lawyer Martin Malone

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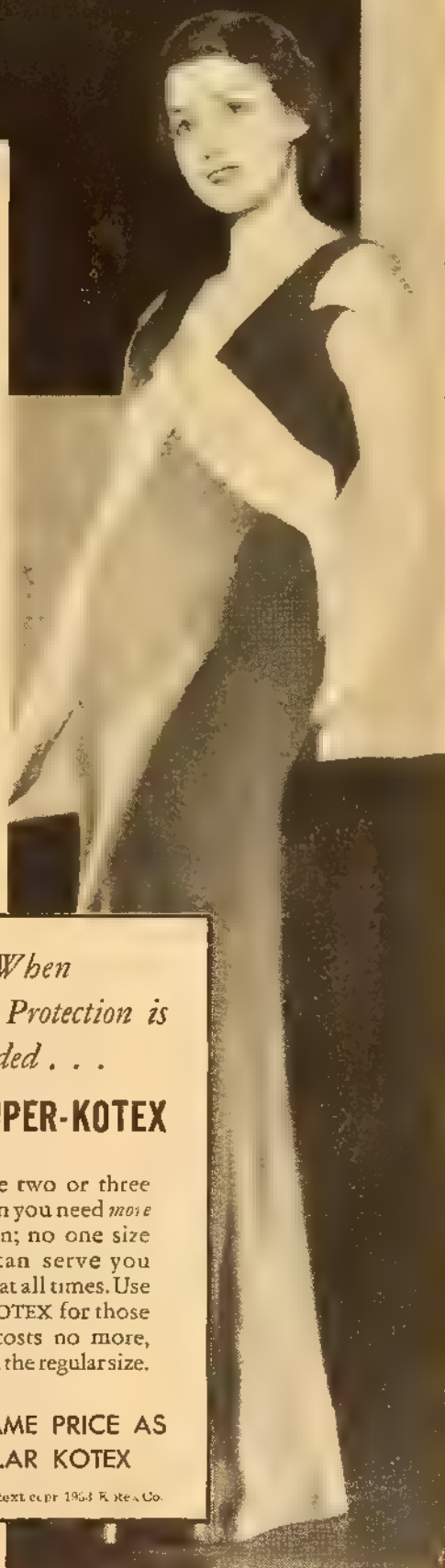
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You Don't Know Acting Till You Know Laughton

(Continued from page 40)

and expressive as the flow of water from a tap. His tallow face is puffy-jowled, chins are pendulous, lower lip, too, but the nose is straight and strong, and the upper lip is as petulant and delicately formed as that of a girl. His chin is well rounded and despite an impression of weakness, it is really virile and full of character.

But, of course, his eyes dominate the physical scene. Strange, glittering eyes, sometimes they seethe with venom, again they're smiling and guileless, though a moment later they may actually smirk, or sneer or leer or do any of the things that ordinary mortals achieve only with the cooperation and coordination of their entire bodies. They make one think that Laughton needs nothing but his eyes. If all his body disappeared and the eyes were left, they would be enough. Something like the Cheshire Cat that vanished, leaving only its smile.

And that suggests Laughton's movement. He's as quick as a cat and glides from place to place with a combination of feline and reptilian grace. From a seat on a divan where he slouches, resembling something as soft as one of the sofa cushions, he can leap effortlessly into the center of a room, and suddenly he is alert as a crouching panther. From an instant of purring somnolence he can snarl, hiss and scratch, as quick as a catamount.

That is the physical aspect of the man. His mental processes defy penetration. But they are fascinating even in an utterly futile attempt at probing. His conversation is rapid and brilliant. Naturally, brilliant if you get it. And to do so you must be fast on the trigger. He's about six sentences ahead of his listeners. Sometimes, when he's in patient mood he'll see their floundering attempts to follow him and, like a lecturer, will retrace his steps to explain with a word what it's all about. He'll tell a joke for instance, and slyly regard his audience to see if it gets the point. If not, he'll explain, a little disappointed at the density of such mentalities. That's when he's gracious. When he's not, if ever, one may imagine him being viciously savage in the intolerance of stupidity or mere mental dullness. Not infrequently, his humor is perverse, even obscure, always sly and knowing, sometimes blatantly sarcastic.

Mocks Hollywood, But Loves It

HE'S a destroyer of idols, who shoots ink-spitballs at stuffed shirts. He becomes Rabe a sian Gargantuin, Elizabethan and a lot more over the Holy Men of Hollywood. One austere and hypocritical, pretender becomes one of the greatest conceivable characters of the age. Others are "a redoubtable" "unbelievable" and all contribute to the glory of Charles Laughton. It must be tough on Hollywood, to parade in front of a crowd of admirers before this mischievous shouter of penetrating, poisoned G's.

But he loves Hollywood and its people. To him it's the "crus" bespangled heels, black mustache, gaily-painted, gaily-painted horses and horses, he's a croaker, tumbler, breeder, trainer, seals and freaks. Oh any number of freaks. He revels in its atmosphere and has been having the time of his life, seeing all, knowing all, the seventh son of a son-of-a-gun.

Too, he's grateful to Hollywood. Now, he asks, to suppose that he could afford to do the things he desires except for the

gold that the alchemy of the studios has given him? And what does he desire? To act. That, and only that. Nothing else matters. He doesn't, to quote him, give a damn. It would be folly to guess at figures, but with *Nero* and *Henry, the VIIIth* so sensational it is easy to imagine the numbers of the thousands that Hollywood is ready to pour in his fat lap. So what does he do? He chucks the whole business and goes over to pinch-penny London for one hundred dollars a week to play Shakespeare. Why? Because he has never played Shakespeare and wants to.

What difference that offers follow him frantically? What matters it that he may be forgotten by short-memory Hollywood? What does he care that the propositions now involving hundreds of thousands may dwindle to mere hundreds, or dissolve entirely within a month of fortnights? He wants to act. And he wants to act Shakespeare. Nothing else means anything. And that, may it be respectfully submitted, con-



In "White Woman," Charles Laughton is a brutal, half-mad ruler of a jungle domain, who dominates not only Carole Lombard, but the whole story.

stitutes sincerity in art. And bespeaks in itself a man burned by the sacred flame of genius. There is no division of his heart, of his soul, of his being. He worships at only one altar, that of Thespis, that of the theatre.

Has No Use For Hypocrisy

HIS statements are frank and open. If he has secrets, he trusts an interviewer not to tell, and he respects the integrity of American reporters. He is somewhat resentful of personal questions and shows it. Also, he retains the privilege of voicing a blunt or friendly refusal to answer. These are prefaced by an "Oh, look here now, I can't very well tell you that, can I?" He'll relate some rich, rare and racy anecdotes if you'll "promise not to tell on me." And

upon at least one occasion, he grew apprehensive of the chill, blue eyes fixed upon him by a writer whom he didn't trust.

He has no pretense, and fiercely—or perhaps disgustingly—is a better word—resents affectation in small matters or large ones. Although his new-found vocabulary bristles with Americanisms, he remains British, proudly British, and disdains ex-patriots of any nation. His enthusiasm reaches high; he's as pleased as Punch, as happy as a boy over "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth" and describes it as a picture able to stand up against the best of the Hollywood products.

"I think," he says with a sidelong glance, "that it's as good as 'Three Little Pigs'." Of British production, he intimates that "Henry" answers all questions. It was made in England and what has been done once may again be accomplished. England has what America lacks, he says, and that is tradition and historical background covering centuries. We, on the contrary, possess youth and virility found only in a new nation. Thus England can excel us in picturing the past against authentic "locations," while we can make pictures with the vitality of the moment, catching the tempo of the times, the breathlessness of the nation.

In "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," Laughton throws a drinking mug to the floor. That cup is valued at \$3,000 and is a museum antique. It was loaned for the production, as were other properties, either by private owners or the Government or the British Museum. Castles, palaces, estates where Henry actually played his kingly rôle were placed at the disposal of the players. Every bit of it reeks with authenticity.

Took Six Months to Get Ready

HOLLYWOOD would have slipped up somewhere surely, just as the British studios might be expected to muffle an American theme or American atmosphere. Moreover, six months were spent in the preparation of the script. Players, director, all hands sacrificed salary in the interim so that before a camera cranked, everything was in as perfect readiness as was humanly possible. Compare this method of production with that in Hollywood, where a player gets a script Saturday to play Monday, where directors shoot from the cuff, and dialogue writers pen lines while the cast waits to speak them.

God helps those who help themselves, the saying goes. And both the deities and the Savoy Hotel helped the producers of Laughton's picture. Threatening clouds would vanish when the cameras were set up for an exterior take and the great roasts in the kitchen scene were prepared by the chefs of the Savoy. This latter is an item that causes Laughton to indulge in some pointing with pride, for this gifted actor began life with a seeming destiny for hotel work.

His family, rather well to do in a modest way, were hotel people, and Laughton served an apprenticeship in various branches of hostelry conduction. But his oyster was the theatre and there too lies the mutton to which he must ever return. When he escaped from being a potential "Mine Host," he fled to the R. A. D., the affectionate nickname for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and was its star. One wonders how much he learned there. Or if there was anything for him to learn. He seems to have been born an actor.

All this came after the War through

which he waded as the British equivalent of a doughboy—an infantryman in the Seventh North Hampdenshire. For, know ye this most unusual fellow is even now short of thirty-four years! He was born July 1, 1900. And more startling yet is the fact that he made his theatrical debut in 1926! One would credit him with a minimum of forty years, twenty-five of which surely must have been spent in the theatre.

He Knew His Henry

SO far as the screen is concerned, he declares that he never had a rôle that taxed him until *Henry, the 8th*. The others he tosses over his shoulder as meaningless. In research for *Henry*, he discovered much about the marrying monarch that doesn't appear even in the broadest-minded history books, and if you notice a bit of a mince now and then in the gait of the swaggering *Henry*, it belongs there, for the King had an eye to youth and beauty and saw it everywhere. Most of the scenes in the film are authentic and others have well established foundation in fact. The very words of Henry have been resurrected to be spoken again by this impersonator four hundred years later. And so careful was the casting that the various girls who play the different Queens possess marked resemblance to the Holbein paintings that imprisoned their likenesses on canvas in those dim, distant days.

It is interesting, and unadvertised, that the rôle of *Anne of Cleves* in the production is played by Elsa Lanchester who, next to Laughton, himself creates a character most nearly approximating perfection. Elsa Lanchester is Mrs. Laughton, and if she ever gets a chance from astigmatic Hollywood, she's apt to prove a feminine counterpart of her husband in histrionic excellence. Laughton is enthusiastic about her, even while declaring that England never produced an actress save Mrs. Siddons immortalized by Reynolds as "The Tragic Muse."

Of his Hollywood associates, Laughton counts Richard Arlen and his wife "Joly" among his most valued friendships. He enjoys and admires Mae West who may be no angel, but according to this admirer is an exceedingly clever, able and talented person. He has big words, too, for Bing Crosby, whom he regards as an actor who will be a star long after his singing has become only an incidental talent.

From Shakespeare and classical repertoire in London's famous "Old Vic" Theatre, Laughton will leap back to Hollywood next mid spring. They may compare him to the mighty Coquelin of France, or Jannings of Germany. But these and any others are mere makeshift comparisons for lack of a yardstick to measure talents for which there is no mark. In the theatre of which we are all a part, there stands no figure so gemmed with genius, so glittering, so vivid, so strange, so fascinating, so entertaining, so terrifying as that of this scintillant star, the Yorkshireman, Charles Laughton.

Did You Know That—

Helen Hayes' famous "Act-of-God" baby, little Mary MacArthur, soon will no longer be an only child?

The Douglas Fairbankses will be appearing together for the first time when they make that "Zorro" story?

Two Hollywood cameramen have gone with Admiral Byrd on his latest trip to the Antarctic?

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

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Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.

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What's Going to Happen to Jackie Cooper?

(Continued from page 51)

Imagine by contrast, the door firmly closed in the face of Just Another Pestiferous Little Boy who had come a-bothering.

Will Soon Have to Change

I SAID to Jackie's mother, "What will Jackie do when this inevitable day arrives, and he has outgrown the rôles that have made him famous?"

And Mabel Cooper Bigelow said, "I've thought about it, of course. He is growing up, there's no getting around that fact. And he seems to be growing up faster than most boys do, both mentally and physically. He is going to be a very large man, we think, probably with something of the physique of Wally Beery.

"I've talked to Mr. Louis B. Mayer about Jackie about this problem that must be faced. Or Mr. Mayer has talked to me. We both realize that he cannot go on being the sort of little lost-boy type much longer. But Mr. Mayer is of the opinion that Jackie is such a natural actor that *he may never have to leave the screen at all*. We do not feel that Jackie is just a flash in the pan 'child prodigy' type of actor. We feel that he just *is* an actor, through and through, that's all. And we feel that age will not affect him. Once an actor, always an actor, is an old maxim.

"Mr. Mayer did say that the time was undoubtedly coming when stories could not be written around Jackie, expressly as vehicles for Jackie at least, not for a period of years. But he does seem to believe that there will always be parts in pictures for Jackie, good parts not bits. If he ever had to play bits, I would, of course, take him off the screen.

"I want him to stay on the screen right along, if possible, so that he will not lose sight of what he is doing now, so that he will not get side-tracked by other interests. Jackie is a very masculine little boy. And being so masculine, it would be fatally easy for other boys to influence him, to persuade him that he doesn't want to be an old 'sissy actor' talk like that. I've known that to happen before, to other children with other natural talents.

Won't Let Him Forget Acting

I KNOW that Jackie Coogan hasn't kept on. But I don't believe that that was because he couldn't. I think it is that he hasn't wanted to, hasn't cared very much about it. My Jackie goes.

"I think that most of these so called child prodigies would continue with the work they started in, if they were kept in the mood, the spirit, the atmosphere of what they were doing. They're allowed to forget, that's all.

If there does come a time when Jackie is away from the screen I shall not allow him to forget. That will be the major part of what I shall do for and with Jackie during that possible interim.

I don't mean that we intend to force Jackie to do anything he doesn't want to do. He once thought he would like to be a surgeon. We did nothing to discourage that idea. But he suddenly changed because he couldn't imagine what doctors do when their patients die. How do they feel? How does it affect them? He said that he would have to talk to several doctors and get that straight before he could go on with his plan.

"I believe that Jackie will go on with his screen work, whether or not he has to be away from it for a while, because he is actor and all business man, too. He would live in a picture theatre, if he could. If he has seen all of the pictures in our neighbor-

hood theatres, he will go back and see the same picture four and even five times, rather than not go at all. He has other interests, too. He has his gang of playmates in Beverly Hills. He has another gang down at the beach where he sometimes stays with my mother. He is keen about football and about his bicycle and about airplanes. But they always have taken second place to his interest in the screen, and they still do.

Still Emotional—a Good Sign

HE gets a dollar every Saturday as his allowance. And he spends every cent of that dollar on the movies. He likes to criticize and comment on the work of the different players including his own. And yet coupled with this critical faculty, is an emotional response that is almost funny. Jackie went to see 'The Champ' the other day for instance, when it was playing a



Jackie Cooper and a suitcase it looks ominous. But his "boss" says he may never have to leave the screen!

revival matinee in one of our neighborhood theatres. He cried through all of his own crying scenes. I thought he'd got past that stage, but he hasn't. He doesn't seem to realize, when he's watching the picture, that he's watching himself. He has all of the easily aroused emotions and the capacity of forgetting himself of the genuine actor.

"He'd rather meet other actors than any people in the world. He is also interested in meeting famous aviators and football players, of course. But he takes these other celebrities more or less casually. When he is introduced to an actor or an actress he is moved and thrilled and excited. He'll come home and say to me 'Guess whom I met to day, Mother MAE WEST' He did meet Mae. She asked for the introduction. She wanted Jackie to come up 'n' see her sometime. And Jackie went *none*. He

seems to lose sight entirely of the fact that he *is* an actor, too.

"He'll never be one instant late on the set. If he has a call for eight thirty in the morning, he'll be up at five-thirty and have everyone around him up, too, so that there will be no possibility of any delay.

"He wants to be doing something to make money all of the time. He always has some new scheme by which he can earn a dollar or two. And he has the typical actor's disregard of it, once it is made. He knows he makes money on the screen. He's bound to know that. But he has never once referred to it never asked how much he earns or what is done with it. It is simply that he must keep active, keep doing things. He is crazy to solicit for magazine subscriptions. He'll say to me, 'Gosh, Mother Peter So-and-so made three bucks *in a week!*'

Her Plans for Him, Either Way

AND so if the time comes when for a few years, there is no place for Jackie on the screen, I shall keep him screen-conscious at least. But I shall also do what I have always done, really permit him to lead a normal every day boy's life. He may solicit subscriptions if he wants to. He will go to whatever school he prefers. He has a passion now for going to the University of Southern California when he is of college age. If that is still the college he wants then, that is where he'll go.

"I'll have him taught music, for one thing. Not that I want or expect him to develop into a musician, but I believe that it will contribute to his general knowledge, give him color and poise. I shall have him study languages—French, German, Spanish and Italian. I want him to be an accomplished linguist. And most of all, we plan to take him abroad.

"I might even try to have him live all of his off-the screen years abroad. It would give him a background he could get in no other way. And if we did that I would take him to hear and to see all of the great artists of the stage and screen and opera while we were there. I would encourage him to read the biographies and memoirs of the most famous actors and actresses of each country. I shall see to it that he lives in the atmosphere of the stage and screen, whether he is working or not.

"If we should remain in this country then I would encourage him to do plays with the Pasadena Community Players, for instance, that sort of thing. In other words, I shall not treat Jackie's off-the-screen years as tragedy and loss. I shall treat them as *preparatory* years for his return to his life work on the screen.

"People ask me what type of work I think Jackie will do on the screen when he is grown. Do you know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see Jackie do comedy. He is a natural born comic and I've often wondered why he hasn't been given more comedy to do. Undoubtedly, he will be some sort of character actor. He will never develop into the romantic Clark Gable or John Gilbert type. He hasn't that sort of looks. He is more likely to be a Wallace Beery or a Richard Dix, perhaps.

"I *am* facing the inevitable tragedy of losing my little boy, I know. But I do not believe I am facing the tragedy of losing *my star*."

The Movie Circus

(Continued from page 8)

NATURALLY, it is in a large measure the NRA which is responsible for the change, with its insistence that more actors be used on all possible occasions. To quote Mr. W. C. Fields, the funny mans "It is getting so you can't throw a dummy off a cliff any more. You've got to use an extra!"

THE aforementioned Mr. Fields, who made such a furore by arriving at the 'I'm No Angel' premiere in a beer truck that Dietrich's appearance went unnoticed, is another of the town's quaint creatures. Somewhat less boisterous than Warren Hymer, he has an outspoken manner. There was the recent occasion, in proof, when a tradesman stopped at the studio's information desk with a large canned ham and inquired the way to the dressing-room of one of the company's most popular stars.

Fields gave the ham a long look, then he said "Now that is what I call carrying coals to Newcastle!"

MANY have wondered, now that Wilson Mizner has passed on, who will be accepted in Bill's place as the town wit. Groucho Marx is forced to share his fame with his brothers, Larry and Moss Hart (unrelated) are confused, and the

smart sayings of Edwin Justus Mayer and Rupert Hughes are not generally broadcast because those gentlemen don't circulate about much. Most of the other quipsters generally for personal reasons are too generally unpopular to be considered either representative or humorous.

More and more it is becoming apparent that a Bill Mizner the Bill who told a stupid supervisor that he could wear a dem. tasse cup for a derby—happens once in a long long time.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH DEPT.:

... Now it is Lona Andre with whom Jimmy Dunn is holding hands. Garbo always has a red screen placed over the spotlights when she is doing a close up... that blonde hair of Mae West's is a transformation... it was just ten years ago that Marie Dressler heartsick with her failures in the theatrical business, was planning to open a hotel. Fred March had a commission in the army at twenty-one. Toby Wing hates the designation of 'Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girl' wants to be called an actress... Marion Davies won't buy pocketbooks... and the Schnozzle says he has a phobia too—he won't eat with a fork unless he can help it!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 39)

divorce plans and can you blame us after the way so many stars have kidded the grand old public? And were we glad we had left out Lupe's remark. For she and Johnny Weissmuller were secretly married at Las Vegas on October 8—so secretly that no one learned of it until they were ready to reveal it, themselves. Meanwhile, what fun they had—and what publicity keeping the newspaper reporters guessing.

THE Opera came to Hollywood, and Hollywood went to the Opera. It was the big social occasion of the year—and did Hollywood rise to it? All the jewels came out of the strong boxes. Pinks, orchids and blues predominated in gowns. Grace Moore, who sang in 'I Pagliacci,' flitted about Harlowishly in the audience the night that Lawrence Tibbett sang in 'The Emperor Jones.' Richard Dix and Lois Wilson attended, together shades of the good old days. One expected the orchestra to break into "Auld Lang Syne" or "Will You Love Me in December" as they went down the aisle. Paulette Goddard, Chaplin's love interest and new leading lady, was still very much the ingénue in a childish and charming gown. On the list of patrons and patronesses were 'Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby.' Why 'Bing' for a social moment like this? Adolphe Menjou was there with a Kathryn Carverish looking blonde. Flowers and lorgnettes were in abundance.

SUCH a sense of humor these movie people have! Consider the party that director W. S. Van Dyke gave. Mary Doran, one of the guests, was just saying goodnight, when someone noted that she stood on the edge of the swimming pool. A slight push, and one gorgeous movie actress, in a new satin evening gown, was struggling in the water. The idea caught on. In a moment, another lady went flying through the air and presently half the guests (or so it seemed, anyway) were splashing in the pool. Wot fun!

MASTER Gary Evan Crosby and Master Richard Ralston Arlen received their friends and their parents' friends at a double christening at Toluca Lake. Jack Oakie sent two tiny sweat shirts as a token that he had forgiven Papa Arlen's gag campaign "to keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake." Jack grumbles, "Honestly, hasn't the public any sense of humor? They took that gag in dead earnest and I've received several hundred letters, asking why I wasn't wanted as a neighbor."

"ALL change!" is the order of the day in Hollywood. So Gary Cooper steps out with Carole Lombard, and William Powell with the Countess di Frasso. Carole has another escort in Russ Columbo, who, 'tis whispered, was broken-hearted when Hannah Williams married Jack Dempsey. Doris Kenyon, after four months of marriage, has asked for a divorce from Arthur Hopkins on the w. k. grounds of "incompatibility." Rita La Roy may be divorced from Ben Hershfield, but they kiss when they meet in restaurants. Max Baer is moaning about Dorothy Dunbar, his ex, and swearing he's going to win her back. Everybody expects Ricardo Cortez and his Pasadena fiancée to show their sense of Yuma soon. Most Hollywoodites believe that Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are secretly married. Adrienne Ames, divorced from Stephen Ames, promptly weds Bruce Cabot. Jean Harlow could have married a multi-millionaire broker from New York, instead of her cameraman. Love is about the same in Hollywood as in any other place!

OUR own Bureau of Statistics reports that while it looked for a time as if divorces would outnumber marriages for 1933, marriages are now leading 47 to 39, as the year draws to a close. In case you're statistical minded, yourself, or are just plain curious to know who has been married and

(Continued on page 74)



"MEN HAVE FUNNY IDEAS..."

The original Jekyll-Hyde must have been a woman—trying to live up to her man's strange notions. We women must be two entirely different people to please our men—busy and practical by day, "charming" and "adorable" at night.

BUT that's not as hard as it sounds. We use Frostilla Lotion—and then our night hands tell not what our day hands have been doing! And they do plenty. Household tasks and cooking are no respecters of beauty. But on goes a little of this famous, fragrant lotion—and away go chapping, redness, roughness!

A few drops of Frostilla Lotion each day do wonders in leaving our hands white, smooth, velvety, deliciously scented...so leisure-lovely that he probably thinks the house runs itself!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada. 1¢ size at better 5- & 10¢ stores.

(Sole Reps., H. F. Rutledge & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)



The Crime of the Day in Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

Mae has been in Hollywood for a few months. Garbo has been in Hollywood for a few years. And in the months that Mae has been there, she has had more publicity, more space in magazines and newspapers than Garbo has had in her years in pictures. Mae has had this space because she has talked sparsely, spicily, straight from the shoulder, without compromise or one eye on the Women's-Club's evasions. You could take her or you could leave her. We all took her. No one left her. Her ideas were so vital, her personality so important that no one bothered about her private life. No one cared. On the screen, she was as hard and brilliant as a diamond. We must have needed hardness in a world that had felt licked and whimpervy.

The sayings of Mae have rung 'round the world. "Come up 'n' see me sometime." "How'm I doin'?" . . . the bit about the girl climbing "the ladder of success wrong by wrong" . . . the paragraph about beating the Venus de Milo at her own perfections because she, Mae, has two arms and knows what to do with them, and is not, besides, "made of stone" . . . the bit about not advising girls how to get their men and their diamonds because "why should she? girls have the same things to work with as she has."

The Mae They Remember

PEOPLE remember all the frank and out-spoken and unweighed things that she has said about women going out into the world and getting the men, instead of sitting at home, mooning and reining. They remember her quoted statement: "Lots of people seem to regard sex as something necessarily vulgar. I don't think it is any more vulgar than eating." She doesn't. Or she didn't. Nor any more important than eating. Because sex was *not* evil to Mae. She got away with it. She got away with songs and wisecracks that would have landed any other monde before the Hollywood guardians of the public's morals. They are naking Mae sex-conscious in the wrong way. It is like telling a child that her naked body is indecent.

People remember the remark: "Sex is the fundamental basis of love, either sacred or profane." They remember her confident belief in herself and in her effect and influence on girls and women, her conviction that if girls are influenced by her and by the characters she plays, they will be happier, healthier, more normal. They will not commit suicide, jumping out of hotel rooms because of an angrowing love of one man who does "evil" wrong. They will not commit sex murders or become involved in sex scandals. They will live, and live some more. A "depression star." Mae believed herself to be, giving joy back to love and to people depressed going to dreary and a people depressed for Lili Elia again.

Now that you have signed a contract for two pictures a year for four years, ah, Mae, the world goes out, "It's funny, but people don't seem to want to separate my personal character from the characters I play on the screen. What I say and do in a picture story, they take for granted I say and do in my private life."

Does Her Private Life Matter?

THEY quote Mae now as saying, "Just how long do you think my contract would last if I carried on that way in real life? Not only that, the very people who think I'm swell now would turn against me if I used and had a public match my private life with my contract."

No, they won't hit Mae. Because they know she's taken care of herself.

as you were on the screen. If you had asked them, "How'm I doin'?", a world-chorus of Losanias would have answered you: "Probably your private life *does* 'compare favorably with any woman's'—but who the heck wants to know *that*?"

I know that you live quietly with your maid and your secretary, in a small apartment. I know that you neither drink nor smoke. I know that you get plenty of rest and "recharge my batteries," as you once put it. But it is far, far more exciting and glamorous to believe that off the screen too men are willing to murder each other for your favors, where you are, perhaps, thinking about getting yourself something to eat. It is far more thrilling to think of you swathed in velvets and feathers and laces, wearing naughty high-heeled shoes and bosomy sequins—than wearing a bungalow apron.

Mae, you've said, "How'm I doin'?" You've been doin' swell. Never a star sweller. In *any* way. If you know what I mean. You've been doin' a box-office that all but busted the boxes. But when you wrote, or okayed quotes like the above, you were certainly climbing the ladder of success wrong by wrong—and *downward*.

They quote you now as saying, "I don't pretend for a moment that the kind of life *Lady Lou* led is good for a person." But that's not so, Mae. Or whom am I to believe? You've said yourself that the kind of life you play is good for people, gives them joy and stimulation. It's them up and out of the sloughs of despond.

They quote you as saying, "Of course, it's wonderful to know that people like you so well that they want to imitate you. Isn't there a saying that 'imitation is the sincerest form of flattery'?" There is indeed such a saying, Mae. And everyone in the world, from Mayfair duchesses to kindergarten tots, has been giving you that form of flattery. But no one is going to imitate an *expurgated edition*.

I interviewed Ramon Novarro the other day, and he spent our whole interview hour together, his interview, raving about Mae West. To hear a star so excited about another star was something I had never experienced before. He says that Europe, from which he has just returned, is simply mad about Mae. In Mayfair, when the nobility give parties, they give Mae West parties. They compare her, he tells me, to Regine Bernhardt, to all the illustrious, fearless and greatly loving women of their theatres.

Said Ramon, "She is superb because she does what she does and says what she says *without labor or compromise*. That is why she is great. Take the Lillian Gishes of the screen, for instance. If you find them living in a mansion, you are always told that they have fallen into a penthouse in order to save a poor old mother from the workhouse. They are the victims of circumstances too great for them to control. Mae sins for the exuberant and unadulterated joy of being human. She controls and is not controlled. She is one hundred per cent what she is, and anything one hundred per cent is magnificent."

If they nake you seventy-eight and a half per cent, Mae, they will do you no wrong. *Lady Lou* ever "lone" any man.

Garbo Dared to Be Different

WE hope that Mae will do what Garbo has dared to do—walk her lone wolf way alone, independent, treading down the whiners and the "lady cats" able to get a laugh because, in Pennsylvania, "She Done Him Wrong" underwent *satisfactory* (Mae did laugh over that).

Garbo has dared everything wrong except

ing to the unwritten Hollywood law and the Hollywood prophets. She has refused to give interviews. She has never participated in any of the social or political maneuverings of the town. She has refused to make public appearances, to dress the part of a great and glamorous star. She has made no effort to conciliate anybody. She has done only the pictures she wanted to do in the way she wanted to do them. She has taken the magazines and newspaper stories that have been written about her in a gallant silence, like a stoic. When she wanted John Gilbert for her leading man in "Queen Christina" she mowed Louis B. Mayer himself down before her like a blade of grass. Garbo has remained Garbo, immune to advice, heedless of warning, contemptuous of counselors. Her spirit has shone with a fierce hard light and because it has done so, it has calcimined the world.

Mae doesn't want to be murdered. She knows that she has made her millions of dollars and millions of fans because when she says "Come up 'n' see me sometime" she does NOT mean the invitation to be for a cup of tea. She knows the value of publicity and she knows that she has had the publicity because she has dared to take sex out of its miasmas and miasmas and has shaken it smack in our faces, bedecked with hard diamonds and hard laughter and hard-heartedness, rollicking with comedy—sheer sex for sex's sake.

Mae Just Isn't a Pollyanna

SHE doesn't want her interviews to be blue pencilled and worse. Much worse. She must rebel and be bored at having to absorb copybook maxims with which to feed the "ladylike" ladies of the Press.

I know that when she was making "I'm No Angel" she fought tooth and nail over that scene in which the Dallas man was to all appearances, murdered in her hotel room by her jealous carnival suitor. They wanted her to stand over the body and weep great glibby tears to prove that she had a woman's heart in her. When what she wanted to do was to step over the body and get herself something to eat. She wanted to read a *character*.

Mae is a fighter and a shrewd publicity fan. She knew the value back in New York, of the police being on her theatrical trail. She glories in the fact that people paid from fifty to one hundred dollars a ticket for her first nights. Because they knew that on opening night she would give them the works, "leave it all in" and could they take it? She has said that, in New York if they closed one show, she opened with a new one the night following.

Mae loves to go to prize fights. They're telling her that isn't a lady like you. She wanted rather plaintively, to back two fighters in Hollywood. They wouldn't let her. They said it wouldn't "look well" for Mae West to do a thing like that. It looks pretty normal to me—how about you? Mae's father was a fighter, as she explained, and she sort of got the feel for the sport in childhood. Besides, she told me, there isn't anything else to do in Hollywood, anyway.

They wanted Mae to pose for pictures in a *kitchen*, wearing a bungalow apron, cooking. Mae held out on that one. She wouldn't, she said, know what to do in a kitchen. She would starve, she has said, if she had to cook a dinner for herself. To put *Lady Lou* in the kitchen, in gingham, would be like putting Cleopatra in the nursery to change a baby's thimble.

They are trying to make a lady out of *Lady Lou*. Don't let 'em ruin you, Mae. Don't let them make a first rate sex queen into a second rate blonde.

Alice in Blunderland

(Continued from page 35)

The p. d. stood up at the head of the table and made a hruummmph sound in his throat.

"Now," he said in his most Wampas voice, "we must make Alice like our Wonderland. We must all put our best foot forward and make this picture a great success. Has anybody any suggestions?"

"Which is my best foot?" asked the Dormouse suddenly, opening one eye. "Right? Left?"

The whole company began singing:

"Right, left, right, left,

Without the one I'd be bereft,

Without the other I'd be lame,

And with them both I'm just the same."

"Off with all their heads!" shrieked the Queen, but she was interrupted by the entrance of the Mad Hatter, running as fast as he could around the Brown Derby in search of a blonde.

"Attaboy!" cried Alice. "Look at Harpo take it on the lam!"

"That's not Harpo Marx," corrected the p. d. "That's one of the Mad Hatters. We have four. Look out! Here they all come!"

Sayings of Four Mad Hatters

THE Four Mad Hatters sailed around the tables a couple of times and then they settled down in a corner, muttering to themselves, "Alice fair in love and war, Alice not gold that glitters. Alice vanity Alice over."

The p. d. had been trying to get Alice's attention. "My dear," he said, "I wish to present the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle."

Alice was beginning to get a little angry. "Let's cut the joking," she said, wearily. "Those are Jimmy Durante and Alexander Kirkland."

"They're the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle," everybody chanted.

"That's Jimmy Durante. Look at his nose," cried Alice. "And the other is Alexander Kirkland. He's the one who got cap-sized in the boat with Ann Harding."

"Yes," said the Mock Turtle, wiping his eyes sadly. "I was in that boat. It was terrible! Even now I wake up in the night, in a fever of fear, calling 'Kelp! Kelp!' But nobody ever hears me. Not even the press any more."

"Scandal, scandal, who's got any scandal?" muttered the White Rabbit.

This seemed to irritate the Queen mightily. "Can't anybody else quiet that headline-hunter? Off with his head," yelled the Queen. "I see you!—present tense. I saw you past tense. I'll be suing you!—future tense."

Alice turned to the p. d. "Which side of my face do you think will photograph the best?" she asked.

"The side away from the camera!" screamed the Queen.

The White Rabbit, not at all abashed by the Queen, scribbled in his notebook and waited with pencil poised, his ears quivering with excitement.

Alice felt a tap on her shoulder. She looked up.

No Knave to Her

"MAY I present myself?" a deep voice said. "I am the Knave of Hearts."

Alice turned pale and then red. "I'm sure I'm terribly glad to meet you," she stammered overcome. "I'm a great ad-

mirer of yours. I just love your pictures. I just love everything about you. Come up 'n' see me sometime. You don't look like a Knave to me. I know you—you're Gary Cooper!"

The whole company sang:

"In this town of girls and girls

All with yellow, glinting curls,

Experts with the Looking Glass,

Our Knave has reached the same im-

passee

Always."

"WHY?" yelled the March Hare, pulling the tablecloth and all the appointments to the floor with a large crash. "I am the March Hare, and I DEMAND an explanation."

The whole company sang.

"Over supply

That's the fly

In the ointment."

"You never asked me for an appointment," screamed the Queen. "Off with his head!"

"Scram!" said Alice. She turned to smile sweetly at the Knave of Hearts. But he was gone. Another girl had just come in.

"Could I have a word with you?" a sweet voice murmured in Alice's ear. "I'm the Duchess."

"Oh, no, you're not," said Alice. "I know you. You're a fan magazine writer."

The Duchess Knew Her Morals

"AND the moral of that, my dear," said the Duchess "is always to know the answers. So you're the little unknown girl Paramount found to play Alice?"

"I'm not so unknown," said Alice, sharply. "I've been around. Remember the 'Fox Movietone Follies,' 'Lena Rivers,' 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' and 'Huckleberry Finn'?"

"How did you get here, my dear?" asked the Duchess confidentially, leaning her chin on Alice's shoulder. "Through the Looking Glass? That's how most people get to Hollywood—by looking in their Looking Glasses and believing what they tell them. And the moral of that is—"

"I didn't know there were that many morals in Hollywood," interrupted Alice crossly.

"Have some mushrooms!" said the Duchess suddenly. "Everybody eats mushrooms in Hollywood, my dear. If they take a bite off one side they get bigger and BIGGER heads, salaries, expenses, automobiles, everything."

"And if they take a bite off the other side," suggested Alice, "their heads get bigger too."

"You'll get along, my dear," said the Duchess, approvingly. "You'll get along if you keep your figure. And the moral of that is: Take care of the pounds, and the contracts will take care of themselves."

"How about Mae West?" asked Alice. "It's sex of one and half a dozen of the other."

"Hm," said the press-agent clearing his throat. "My dear, you're a little innocent girl who has just come to Wonderland, remember..."

"You know doggone well it's Hollywood," said Alice, "but if you want another name for it, you'll find it in the title of this story."

And that's where you'll find it, too. Dear Reader.

Just in case this has set you to wondering as to the players you'll actually see in "Alice in Wonderland," maybe we'd better tell you. Richard Arlen plays *The Cheshire Cat*; Gary Cooper, *The White Knight*; Skeets Gallagher, *The White Rabbit*; Edward Everett Horton, *The Mad Hatter*; Charlie Ruggles, *The March Hare*; Jackie Searl, *The Dormouse*; Alison Skipworth, *The Duchess*; Ned Sparks, *The Caterpillar*; Louise Fazenda, *The White Queen*; and William Austin, *The Gryphon*.



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What Are Your Chances in Film Fame Contests?

(Continued from page 31)

place the number of people who entered talent contests in 1933 at from a quarter to a half million—and among them must be countless instances of what we might term "contest hangovers." Young hopefuls take disappointment hard.

Knows Whereof He Writes

HAVING handled or helped to advertise many a Hollywood contest, I have been in personal touch with some of their resultant tragedies, near-tragedies and comedies. There was the college freshman who, failing to win a trial in films when his screen test lost in the final round, took the money that was to have educated him, and came to Hollywood with it. He is now a soda jerker in a drugstore. There was the girl who, too proud to face her home-town folks when a free trip to Hollywood and a screen test failed to win fame for her, became an entertainer in a Tia Juana dive. There was . . .

But take a look at the winner's side. The troubles of losers impress one because there are so many. (In one recent contest, sixty-eight hundred lost that a single one might win.) But the winners themselves, so often lose! And, their lives being so thoroughly uprooted, many of them become merely recruits to Hollywood's "Horde of the Hopeless." They would rather stay in Hollywood and starve than go back home and subsist. Who'd want them in their old home-towns (they ask themselves, naively takenly) after they have followed the will of the wisp of fame and "failed" in their "big chance." Their self-confidence goes and, with it, their self-respect.

But don't blame producers or other sponsors of these contests. Of some two hundred important talent-seeking contests and many smaller ones that I have investigated the majority were strictly "on the level." Recent contests are more likely than ever to be honest attempts on the part of their sponsors to discover new screen talent for which a vital need is felt. Winners are given every chance to "make good." *Not a single star has emerged from obscurity by that route, since the tulips arrived!* Even such promising contest winners as Kathleen Burke, Lona Andre Gar, Patrick and Verna Hilde of "Panther Women" fame, and Buster Crabbe of "Lion Man" fame, have still to prove that they can win a public following.

Not Shortest Road to Fame

THE film contest is often called the shortest road from obscurity to film fame but recent events continue to indicate that it isn't. That old reliable trail over the footlights has proved, shortest again and again, and nowhere so conclusively as oddly enough in the great "Alice in Wonderland" search.

Paramount officials were so sincerely determined to get an "unknown" actress for the part that tests submitted by such famous stars as M. L. Hopkins and Mary Pickford were given but slight consideration. On and on went the mighty search until nearly seven thousand tests had been "shot," not only in America, but in Europe. And still the ultimate winner of the rôle, Charlotte Henry, wasn't "discovered" nor did she come forward to discover herself. She quietly went on enacting a rôle in "Growing Pains" at the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

Charlotte was on the stage to attract film attention. She had already proved by



Five new winners of screen chances are (left to right) Jimmy Scott, Peggy Terry, Lenore Kingston, Lois January and Dean Benton—stand-out members of Universal's Junior Stock Company

winning a Fox contract through her work in "Courage" on the New York stage, that it could be done. So when her screen rôles in "Huckleberry Finn" and "Lena Rivers" brought critical plaudits, but no advancement, she had gone back to the stage. Contests didn't interest her, so Paramount scouts had to go there to "discover" her. They had her take a test for the "Alice" rôle. It was next to the last of sixty-eight hundred tests given.

Her test was so good and her type so ideally suited to the part that studio officials—*anxious* as they were to secure a really "unknown" girl—were obliged to consider her "unknown enough." Charlotte Henry, almost alone among contest winners, has found fame overnight. That seldom happens.

Ten Bright Futures Ruined

I RECALL ten young college boys brought to Hollywood after a contest, and given six month contracts. Not one "clicked," despite looks and despite brains. But ten promising students of medicine, law and engineering lacking the nerve to finish college after a year of acting in Hollywood became this and that, instead—mostly odd jobs men.

From far off South Africa and the "down under" lands of Australia and New Zealand there recently arrived some winners of Paramount's big international contest, "A Search for Beauty." South Africa even sent a reporter with its candidates, so that their triumphs might be recorded for their home land press by its own special correspondent. This is, perhaps, the high water mark in confidence that a contest-winner can't lose.

Colunlua recently searched for an "unknown blonde" to star in the studio's first musical picture and gave up the search, picking Harriette Lake—well known on the stage and in the movies once before—for the choice part. But Radio has just found a "poisonous blonde." Charles R. Rogers' much heralded selections of some unknowns and semi-unknowns for "Eight Girls in a Boat" are in celluloid at last. And Jesse Lasky's picture of "all new faces" is plotted and Carl Laemmle Jr.'s "Little Theatre" project, in which about three thousand applicants recently yielded twenty seven male and female "finalists" of whom some will be given a chance on the screen is under way and there are other contests.

Besides these and other searches and contests originating in or conducted from Hollywood, localized contests are being carried on throughout the world. Theatres and even non-amusement interests everywhere are staging them, and sending a small army of the winners Hollywood-ward. Sometimes winners arrive at the studios bearing the *first tidings* that film officials have heard about promised tests, trial contracts and so on.

Among Uninvited Guests

ONCE I had on my hands, for some weeks, six beautiful Southern girls, contest winners, who arrived unheralded and unexpected at the studio where I was working. They had been promised screen tests and what not by the theatre chain that had paid their traveling expenses, but the studio hadn't been consulted or even notified. I finally solved the problem by placing them as semi-finalists in a contest I was then conducting among chorus girls. They got their screen tests, and two of them were given small parts in a picture. I still occasionally see some of them around Hollywood, together with other beauties who participated in other contests—glorifying the "extra" ranks! Their smiles are gone and, often, their earlier glowing health. Their clothes are shoddy.

A strange jinx seems to follow many contests and their winners. For instance, how odd and unfortunate it seems that first Jean Rouvrai and then Ann Southern, chosen successively as leads in "Eight Girls in a Boat," collapsed before filming began and were succeeded by a screen veteran, Dorothy Wilson!

Yet there is an explanation for this seeming prank of fate. Neither girl could stand such a powerful combination of physical and emotional strain as the excitement of her triumph, the rush and flurry of getting ready for the picture, and the long hours of make up and costume testing. Experienced players confident of their ability free from excitement, and hardened to their work, are not likely to "crack" in this manner.

Seven of the girls originally selected for "Eight Girls in a Boat" say that if they fail ultimately to secure term contracts they will return to their homes. The eighth, Adele Pearce of San Francisco, believes that she will stay and continue the fight in any event. Probably, despite their excellent

resolutions, the others will also remain contract or no contract. It's hard for a contest-winner to escape Hollywood and harder yet to go home—defeated.

Just Beauty Too Often Wins

ONE trouble with contests to-day seems to be that beauty, rather than natural or acquired acting ability, so often wins—particularly in those countless minor contests held away from Hollywood and its more critical cameras. The various "Miss Americas" are no longer good screen bets. Neither are most of the beautiful showgirls. Just now many celebrated artists' models are in Film Town, either as contest-winners or independent seekers of screen fame. Although M-G-M is giving Margaret Horan a trial, and the same studio has the celebrated Miriam Marlin on its payroll for a picture, people "in the know" concede the models in general only a very slight chance of success. They're thinking of all the ballyhoo about the stunning Gwili Andre and her brief success.

Once, beauty contest winners such as Corinne Griffith, models such as Mary Astor, and Folies girls such as Billie Dove could be signed, starred and ultimately turned into good actresses, learning to act after fame had already put their names in theatre lights over the whole nation. To-day's movie, while it admits a wider variety of persons seems to demand an immediate demonstration of acting ability as an entrance requirement.

"I have an idea that people who enter contests aren't the hard working sort required for to-day's brand of film acting," one studio official (who asked to be anonymous) told me. "Contests are too often regarded as a quick and easy way of avoiding an otherwise hard slow grind. Your more thoughtful person doesn't even want to face the cameras until he has learned the rudiments of his profession on the stage. Often he doesn't try for screen fame until he has been graduated from all of the many grades the stage offers him."

Alice White Paints the Picture

AND if you are lucky (?) enough to win a contest where are you? Alice White sums up the difficulties of the modern contest winner in a penetrating comment. "It's no distinction to be a contest winner in Hollywood. You're one of an army. You're just as conspicuous as one uniformed gob on a battleship."

Considering the fact that there are in town, at this writing, approximately two hundred winners of much touted recent contests and doubtless many more from less notable competitions, the ironical truth of Alice's remark becomes apparent. Their total numbers are greater than the entire personnel of present-day screen favorites, whom to succeed—they must displace. Meanwhile the opposite process is going on. Celebrities and more notably newer players with stage experience are taking places originally slated for contest-winning "unknowns."

Don't let that deter you, if you have a yen for entering contests. Rather, enter them facing your problems squarely and honestly. Hope for the chance to *learn acting*, rather than to act before learning.

Lucile Lund who won the 'All-American Girl' contest, showed uncommon sense in saying, "I regarded myself as fortunate to have won an opportunity to make good. But opportunity was all I had won. The rest was entirely up to me."

"Win or lose, don't burn any bridges behind you!" warns another contest-winner I know. "If you do win a contest, hang onto your return ticket. And tell the folks back home that it doesn't mean a thing to you, and that you'll soon be back on the farm or at the ribbon counter. That way, you won't be ashamed to return—licked."

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as they slip through
handkerchiefs!



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they can't escape to
contaminate and infect.**

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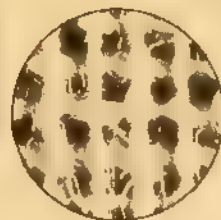
As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary, disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast; keeps fingers non-infectious.

Why add to cold misery?

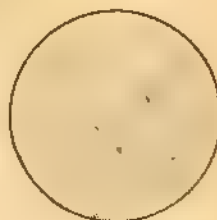
And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it.

The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other

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Kleenex
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sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores.

Be economical—use Kleenex

Kleenex now comes in regular size packages, and rolls; also in extra-size tissues and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Chaplin's Sons—Poor Little Rich Boys?

(Continued from page 11)

But the judge's decision looked like a blow, for he cut the regular allowance for each child from \$300 to \$350 a month and lopped off \$2,000 from the \$34,000 expenditure that caused the whole squabble. So she, personally, was "out" just that much. There is a big difference, too, between \$350 and the \$750, which was the average spent on each youngster during the twenty-two months of extra splurging.

While Lita apparently lost this latest round in the Chaplin vs. Chaplin battle, she doesn't figure it exactly that way. I talked to her afterward, and she referred to the trial as a matter of technicalities.

"It was ridiculous, the way in which I was called on to remember a lot of incidental figures, and to explain errors and omissions in bookkeeping," she told me. "For instance, that question of two dollars and a half, for haircuts, of which so much was made in some of the newspapers. It was entered as 'haircut,' true enough, but that was only part of the expense for the day, which also included a visit to a theatre, refreshments and the like. And five dollars for the treatment of a wart on one of the children's hands," she scoffed attractively, "well, that is a very ordinary fee for a visit to a doctor."

"The larger expenses that were criticized were legitimate. The attorneys' fees are explained by the trouble about the trust fund over which Mr. Chaplin wishes to have jurisdiction, and to this, naturally, I will not agree. I am holding out for a neutral trustee, who is the only correct person to handle such a fund. It has necessitated my continuing to fight in the courts, and the expense of that and of these arguments about expenditures has forced me to keep a lawyer employed to defend my children's rights."

"There has always been a surplus of money in that trust fund; there is such a surplus now. They are each allowed five hundred dollars a month under the terms of that two hundred thousand dollar settlement. In their earlier years I did not spend that amount, and the money accumulated. I felt during the past two years that they should be privileged to enjoy some of the accumulation. I was going to Europe. The father was there. I had my mother and grandmother go, also. I preferred the children to have their influence, rather than that of strangers, and furthermore it saved the expense of hired attendants. I would have had to pay them salaries in addition to the costs of the journey. With my own relatives it was only a question of the expenses and not salary. Still, that was one of the things to which objection was raised."

Her Way of Looking at It

HERE is the way I feel about my children. They are the sons of a very famous man and are entitled to a high position in this world, as a consequence. Nothing is too good for them. They should have everything that they need and want. I don't feel that there should be any stinting or regard to the advantages that they enjoy, either physically or mentally, and that they should attain the utmost of culture. They have been studying French, and I felt that by taking them abroad I would give them a chance to improve their knowledge of the language. It would give them the chance to talk it with other children. I don't think anyone will deny the benefits of learning a language early, and the special benefits that come from being among people who talk it.

The whole point is that the money is theirs, and it should be spent for them. They are entitled to everything that I can and while the judge's decision may have seemed to

reduce the amount allotted, this is not altogether true. He *did* cut the monthly allowance from five hundred dollars to three hundred and fifty, but at the same time he relieved me completely of the obligation of making an accounting of the money spent. There are no strings attached to the three hundred and fifty dollars per child, which is allowed. I do not have to make an accounting. Furthermore, they are still provided with five hundred dollars by the trust fund, and if I am faced with some special or extraordinary expense, I can appeal to the judge and he may, if he sees fit, give his approval of any additional amount over the three hundred and fifty dollars.



Heretofore known as a hermit, Charlie Chaplin is seen in public these days—with Paulette Goddard, his new leading lady

"This amount for each boy is more than sufficient to cover the ordinary run of costs including board, lodging, nurses, governesses and other incidentals. When I came West to make a picture with the boys a year and a half ago, and took a pretentious house with the expectation of entering upon a career with the two children, the boys' proportion was two hundred and seventy-five dollars per month each. The house and the household expenses amounted to fifteen hundred dollars a month, which is scarcely out of reason in Hollywood, and a pro-rated charge was made for the boys' part of this, which is a perfectly justifiable arrangement since their living has been provided for."

Inherit Talent from Him

"HAD we been able to go into pictures?" Charlie, you remember, went to court to prevent the boys' money

that the boys made would have gone into their personal fund. It would have meant nothing to me, personally. All I would have got out of the engagement would have been the proportion paid to me by the company, and the pride and satisfaction for the boys have real talent, which I am glad and willing to say is an inheritance from their father. It's one thing they have inherited from him anyway."

"I am glad that the question of expenditures has been settled, perhaps permanently. I don't know. Maybe I am presuming. There may be some new reason why Mr. Chaplin or his attorneys will drag me into court, but I don't foresee it now. I am weary of the battling. I am tired of the arguments. I could almost say that I wish I hadn't taken a cent from Mr. Chaplin when I separated from him, because it has meant nothing but grief. I can't have my children with me wherever I go. They are required to stay in California as wards of the court. Whenever I want them I have to plead for permission or else come to the Coast. I, myself, am not happy in California, I guess it's because I've had too much unhappiness there. Besides, I have my own career to make, and my best chances now appear to lie entirely in the East. But I am having the children well taken care of, and by my own people, which is much the best arrangement and means that they are under good influences at all times."

"I think I did pretty well, all in all, for a girl of nineteen, in assuring the future of my children. I had to look to the future, and I had to fight. Think where poor Mildred Harris Chaplin is to-day, I might have been just as badly off if I hadn't battled tooth and nail."

Talked Only in Self-Defense

SO that's Lita Grey's story—the theme of which is that "nothing is too good for her children," counterpointing which is the motif that she has her own career to make as the cause of her being away from them so much of the time. This is perhaps the only full-fledged revelation of her viewpoint that has ever been made, and she was inspired to it only by a court decision that seemed to place her in an unpropitious light.

From Chaplin's camp come no inner revelations except possibly in a chance word diligently pried from him as to what he thinks of his boys. Then he will say with a gleaming pride: "They're very bright, very smart." He sees them now and then and is privileged to do so at practically any time.

I don't think that Charlie would willingly deprive them of anything, but his angle of vision is different—far different from that of his former wife. It probably goes back to a childhood spent in the depths of bitterness and poverty and squalor. He cannot comfortably view money being spent on Charles, Jr., and Sydney Earl, at the rate of \$1,500 a month. He doubtless feels that a goodly portion of the trust fund income should be saved and held for the boys' coming of age. Lita, for her part, would prefer to have it disbursed generously, as they go along, knowing that there will always be sufficient substance in the fund anyway, and probably sub-consciously imagining that some day the two chaps will be able, with their potential talent, to make their own way.

Charlie has been liberal, not to say lavish, from the standpoint of the average mortal. Lita has been liberal, not to say lavish, in another way, also, from the standpoint of the same kind of mortal. With which would you side?

Dietrich Isn't Afraid of Mae West!

(Continued from page 49)

then should there be this ridiculous discussion of rivalries and envies? One star can do one type of picture—another, an entirely different one. Comparison is not only unfair, but unnecessary.

"I have never envied anyone. Envy is not in my character. What someone else does cannot interfere with my progress or my success.

"Success doesn't mean enough to me to motivate petty emotions. It has never absorbed me to the exclusion of every other thought. It has neither formed nor modified my attitudes, my reactions, my beliefs. This thing called fame has been unimportant in my life.

"I left Germany on the very day I knew that there I would be famous. 'The Blue Angel' opened in Berlin. I was at the premiere and from the theatre I went directly to the boat that was to take me to America where I was to bid again for fame in a strange land in a strange tongue. If fame had been of vast importance to me I would have remained in Europe where my place was assured. But I came here six thousand miles away.

Will Make All Pictures Here

"AND I am glad. No other place in the world produces the finely balanced, progressive, artistic pictures that Hollywood does. As long as I remain on the screen I shall remain in America." (And this would seem to dispose of the report that she will heed Hitler's demand that all German stars return now to the Fatherland, or stay away forever.)

"If my career should end in Hollywood, I would undoubtedly go back to Europe to live. My husband is there. I have been raised there. I belong there. However, no one knows what time will bring. Whatever I might say would be only a guess."

Marlene sat with one pantalooned leg casually draped over the arm of her chair, her inscrutable face vitalized by a nutritious mouth. And she was intangible beauty come to life. There was a luminous quality to her face, electrifying breath-taking. Yet she finds no joy in her beauty. For, sitting there, she said:

"The task of a movie actress is to be beautiful all day long. I would prefer not to be. I am not feminine enough to want to stand in front of a mirror for hours on end. I get tired of looking at myself." She stuffed her competent, sensitive hands into her jacket pockets, and in a sincerity declared: "I resent the necessity of looking at myself—of looking at myself constantly. That is the hardest part of being in pictures—of being a star in pictures."

"No, I am not an actress before all else," she continued with cool detachment, the individual, not the star. "If I were, I would have some of the reactions that everyone tells me an actress must have. I am not absorbed in myself. I am not driven by the necessity, the urgent desire to do one particular rôle. I don't take acting seriously. I act because Mr. Von Sternberg tells me that I must."

Acting, to Dietrich, is not a great passion. Surprisingly enough, it is the technical end of the motion picture industry that intrigues her.

Her Big Ambition

"I WOULD much prefer to work behind the camera," and her eyes are alive with enthusiasm—"rather than in front of it. I am fascinated by the mechanical end of picture making. Even now I help cut my pictures, and sit in conference on every question from the inception of the story until

the completed film is ready for delivery to the theatres.

"Some day, perhaps, I shall work with Mr. Von Sternberg behind the camera—not for it. But in the meanwhile, he tells me that I must act—and so I do. I don't want to wait until I am old before I abandon acting. I would be happy to do it now—to-morrow if I were permitted. I want to do other things before age has closed its doors on me and on my enthusiasms.

"For the moment, acting must be enough. I make no plans. I do not look to the to-morrows. I live for to-day. I have neither hopes nor ambitions nor desires. I have never wanted anything very much. I asked of life only one thing—a child. And that I have.

"Ever since I could consciously realize it I have lived in the present. A day has spanned my every emotion. You might call me a fatalist. Certainly I believe that a star marks our course from birth that our destiny is unchanging and unchangeable. Whatever has been written when we first open our eyes on life, will happen. We can do nothing about it.

"What we become—what happens to us—is in the lap of the gods. I am less happy as the years increase but that is natural. When we are young, life has a thrilling tempo. We have illusions and delusions. Everything is beautiful. The sun shines. The days are cadenced with joy. There is a zest to every breath we take. As we grow older, problems increase, become more complicated. Life is more difficult. I am not unhappy—only less happy than when I was younger, when I was my Maria's age or just a little older."

An Outline of Her Philosophy

MARLENE DIETRICH has found herself in situations that would mar the philosophies of almost any other woman. She has kept her philosophy intact—that philosophy of hers that includes grace and calmness and stoicism and patience with events. Neither studio maladjustments nor distasteful personal publicity has jarred her sense of values. Her balance is the product of a clear and concise mind, mystically inclined. She has found peace in faith. But that peace has not subtracted from the flame that is Dietrich. This woman is neither time-ridden nor driven by ambitions. She designs no plan for living. Behind the wall of her philosophy she remains immune to criticism and applause alike, going her own serene way.

Dietrich—the riddle. Dietrich—the impassive. Dietrich—the unconcerned. The colossal indifference. They are only myths born of this belief of hers that every mortal is wax in the hands of a deistic Fate. Without words, she is expressing herself.

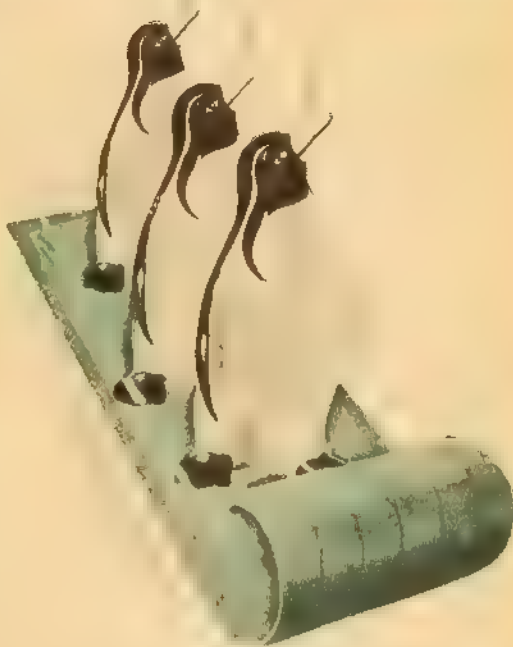
She is baffling both as a woman and as an actress. As a woman—because she knows the meaning of steadfast loyalties, of basic virtues. As an actress—because she does not know the meaning of ego, of envy, of plot and studio counterplot, of the tantalizing and brutal urge to be important, to be dominating.

Rather, she is a shy, sensitive person, who truly finds no compensations in the clamor and symbols of stardom. Fame and glory and glamour and money she would willingly exchange if she could for anonymity. For the peace of being an individual, without the insistencies of a career, and the tumultuous pace of stardom.

"An actress," says Dietrich, "sounds silly when she declares that she would exchange places with an unknown. But it must be marvelous to belong to yourself. Nothing in my life is mine—nothing but my thoughts."

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CELLOPHANE WRAPPED



Secrets of the Stars

(Continued from page 42)

and that it would strain credulity if I tried to tell of this adventure and the way it affected me because it was really a spiritual adventure rather than a physical one.

It happened like this. I was in rehearsal for the Belasco play, 'Blind Windows', in New York. We had been through a long grueling period of rehearsal working night and day at a pace that only Belasco could drive a company. It was a prison play you may remember, a grim and gruesome thing in which I played a convict. The atmosphere—the tension of the thing was such that you would try to get from under, if you were tired out, played out, wanted to escape. Well, I did escape.

I made a very neat job of it. I walked out of that theatre on a Friday night and I never consciously knew another thing until I found myself walking in circles around Battery Park, way down at the foot of Manhattan Island, on the following Monday night. Between that Friday night and the following Monday I was a nameless Nobody, an unidentified man and free—free as I had never been before and haven't since.

When I walked out of that theatre on that Friday night, I was Clark Gable, actor, trying hard to get along. When I 'found' myself on the following Monday night I was Clark Gable, actor, again, but no longer so frantically eager to get along. Between that *then* and that *now* I had swapped one set of values for another.

"Those were the days, you see, when I could walk down any street and no one paid any special attention to me. Those were the days when I could go to a neighborhood movie or to a theatre and not get writer's cramp signing autograph books. I had just enough money for my needs. And I didn't know how lucky I was.

"I envied, then, the stellar successes of my profession who were ballyhooed in electric lights and public prints. I was completely satisfied with being an actor. It meant to me then what it had meant to me the first time when, as a small town boy, I had sneaked into a theatre and had glimpsed a world that seemed to be glittering and desirable above all other worlds.

How Sudden It All Was

AND so, I walked out of the theatre as Clark Gable and suddenly I wasn't Clark Gable at all. At least, I suppose it was sudden—coming like the moment at which we drop off to sleep. One moment I knew who I was, and the next I didn't know who I was at all. It didn't frighten me. On the contrary, I distinctly remember a feeling of relief and relaxation, a sense of irresponsibility and freedom. I didn't care who I was.

I must have headed for Battery Park, because my next recollection is of the sea and blowing on my face. I could remember that I had had some sort of desire to get down to the sea, to get into it, thinking that this would further relieve the tension and strain I had been under.

As I understand amnesia, which isn't very well understood, something goes awry with the circuitry of the brain. The lines get tangled. Something disconnects. Even doctors understand very little about it. The cases never come to operation, you see, and observation usually takes place after the attack has passed. There hasn't been much opportunity for surgical or analytical diagnosis, but I am told that sometimes, as in my own case, you do have vague and hazy recollections of what you have done.

For many weeks after I came back my memory was hazy, recollections had to do only with the fact that I had been somewhere near the sea. That was about all I could

remember. I didn't know, actually, what I had done during those lost days. I did feel a bit squeezey about it. How did I know? I might have committed a murder, robbed a bank, married some strange woman, become involved in something that might, at any moment, rise up to confound me.

"Then, one evening, some six weeks later I saw a girl's face in a crowd. It was THE GIRL. I tried to call to her. I didn't know her name. I tried to attract her attention, but she was gone before I could reach her. It was rather as if her face had been a signal flash to me, making contact again with the dormant brain cells of those lost days. For now I remembered—enough.

Was Robbed by a Derelict

"I HAD been walking somewhere near the Aquarium in Battery Park. I was headed for the sea. As I got near a point where I might have jumped off, a man spoke to me. He asked me where I was going. I told him that I was about to take a swim. He pushed his face near to mine and I could see that he was shabby and unshaven and outcast-looking. He said that, such being the case, I didn't need the clothes I was wearing or the watch or the wallet I was carrying. As he talked he was fumbling about my person and I stood there and let him do it, unresisting mildly and pleasantly aware that it really didn't matter what he did, what anybody did.

"He told me that he had planned to 'take a swim, too, a good long one' but that since he could have my suit and my watch and my wallet he didn't suppose it was necessary he'd just stay snug and dry for the time being. He must have taken me into some dark corner, I suppose because we changed clothing. I divested myself of my suit and watch and handed over my wallet containing, as I remember it, some thirty-odd dollars. The fact that they were the last dollars I had in the world seemed of no moment whatever. I put on the meagre attire he was wearing, and he said 'Good-night' to me and something about my being the queerest 'un he'd ever bilked. And then he vanished. I had perhaps, aimlessly saved a life. Who knows?

"I must have gone on my way to the edge of the water when another man spoke to me. He asked me the same question: where I was going. I answered him as I had the first man. He said that I was going to do a very ugly thing, that men called it suicide and that God had an even uglier name for it. I recall that I was very much astonished and earnestly assured him that I had had no such intention at all.

Sheltered by Good Samaritan

"THIS man, gray-haired, about sixty, I imagine shabby, but appearing to be clean and invested with some kind of dignity that had nothing to do with clothes, asked me my name and where I had come from. I told him that I hadn't the least idea. He said that it really didn't matter—names and places were of no consequence and that he would take me home and I could rest there. I must have thought of a hotel or of something that would call for reimbursement, because I told him that I didn't have any money, some man had just taken my wallet away from me. He said that I wouldn't need any money where he was going to take me.

"I haven't any idea of where it was we went. I couldn't find the place again if I had to. My impressions are that it was probably some tenement house somewhere in one of the forgotten streets of the city. I vaguely recall that there seemed to be two rooms,

very poor, but very neat and shiny clean.

"There was a girl there. Or maybe she was a woman. She met us at the door and my chief impression is that she showed no surprise at the sight of us. It was as if she were accustomed to strangers, nameless arriving at her door. She brought me coffee and something to eat and I do remember thinking that she had the loveliest face I had ever seen. It was all like a dream.

"After I ate, I think I must have slept probably all of that night and most of the day following. The time element, like all the other elements of life commonly considered of vital importance, was of no importance at all where I was.

"My next recollection is of sitting across a small table from the old man. He was talking to me. The woman sat near us, sewing or knitting or something. I couldn't repeat the old man's conversation verbatim to save my life. Only the essence of it remains, which is probably all that ever does or ever should remain of any vital experience. He was telling me the story of his life.

The Story the Man Told

"I KNOW that he said he had been famous in his day. My impression is that he said he had been a vaudevillian with a world-known name. But he may have said that he was a prize-fighter or a poet, for all of me. At any rate, I do recall that he said, 'I gave Fame away.' Those words ring in my ears like bells, and they rang a bell with me.

"He told me that he had had a wife, many years ago, and had loved her very deeply. He had also had a great deal of money. He had believed then, he said, that fame and money and the love of one woman were the only vital things in life. When he became very famous and money ganged up on him, he found out that his wife was being untrue to him. Then he discovered that he could not go anywhere without being pointed at, molested, embarrassed. There were times when his heart was sore and he felt tired and he couldn't be free of the eyes and the ears that always found him out.

"He discovered that his friends were his friends only so long as he could entertain them lavishly, loan them or give them money. He said in effect, 'And so I gave Fame away, and then I gave Love away, and after that I gave Money away.' He said that wise men always give away the things that cause them pain or embarrassment—don't they? If a house is uncomfortable to live in, you get rid of it. If a shoe pinches, you throw it away. If a part of your body pains you unceasingly, you have it removed.

"He had, he said, given fame and love and money away because they hurt him. He wanted to be free of these fetters. He wanted to belong to himself and not to the public. He wanted to have friends for what he was and not for the coins that were in his pocket or because his name was in lights before the world. He wanted to trade the hurtful, confining love for one woman into a love for all men and all women.

Protected Girl From World

"HE said that he had this one daughter. He had brought her up away from all thought of fame or money or the love of one man. She had a happiness he said, that no woman he had known had ever had. She lived in a perfect immunity from all of the wounds of life. He was happy. And as he talked I looked at the woman, and she was nodding and smiling in agreement.

"I have one other distinct memory. When I was ready to sleep that night or that day

or whenever it was I went over to the woman and asked her to kiss me goodnight. I have no idea why I did a thing like that. It's not characteristic of me at all. But I was not Clark Gable then. I was just a man, and she was just a woman. And she raised her face to mine without the slightest hesitation, embarrassment or surprise and, with utter simplicity, kissed me. I had asked for a gift, you see, and she had, unhesitatingly given it. That was all.

"Now, the chances are that I was being talked to by some queer fanatic some outcast from life with a crack as wide as the East River in his brain. Perhaps he was a Red, a Communist, perhaps just some kindly lunatic who had had a bad jolt. I don't know. Perhaps he was, as he seemed to me, the wisest and sanest man in the world. I do know that, for some inexplicable reason, there in that place where there was neither money nor success nor any of the things we all strive for I felt a sense of peace and happiness a most approaching the supernatural in which I do not believe . . .

"They showed me. I remember a view of the city from their narrow windows. They told me it was *theirs*, the city, all of it and no one could take it away from them. They showed me crowds of men, women and children down in the street. They said that they were theirs too all those men and women and children. I remember telling the woman that I didn't know where I had come from or who I was, and she answered that names don't matter or the places we come from, but only where we are going and what we do on the way.

Tells How It Affected Him

"AT about this point my memory ceases and there is a blank. The next thing I knew I was walking around Battery Park in the old suit of clothes and knew again that I was Clark Gable and that something very curious had happened to me. I remained in this semi-nebulous state until I caught a glimpse of the woman's face again and the events I have told you began to take shape in my mind . . .

"And when I say that this strange interlude influenced me beyond anything I have ever experienced I mean it. I know that people have been a bit skeptical when I've said that fame bores me, that money is more of a responsibility than a pleasure and that being recognized everywhere, singled out and stared at embarrasses me. Perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you that if I had my life to live over again, I would do things differently.

"I would not be an actor. I would be a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer—I would be in a profession or a trade that would be mine, independent of public favor or of the way my face happens to look on such and such a morning, or whether I am fifteen pounds heavier or the reverse."

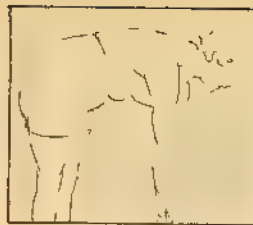
I said, "Clark, if you were a doctor, the same kind of thing would have happened. Your patients would all be asking for your autograph and your waiting room would be crowded with feverish ladies in very good health."

"Don't you believe it," Clark laughed. "I'm not the type at all, not really. All of this sex-appeal business has just happened to me, publicity-manufactured. I'm grateful, of course. But I wouldn't do it again, if I had it to do over. I lost myself for three days. And during that time I found myself too late."

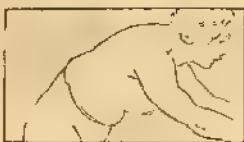
And there you have Clark Gable—a star who has fame, money and the adulation of millions, who has not been affected by all the clamor and the glory, who can still take time to analyze himself, and who can still talk straight from the shoulder. There you have not only a never told before story out of his past but a new picture of the man behind the star.



AFTER MONTHS OF HOPELESS STRUGGLE AGAINST UNLOVELY FAT



I KEPT GAINING WEIGHT IN SPITE OF DAILY EXERCISE AND CONSTANT DIETING . .



I TRIED TIGHT, CHOKING GIRDLES, TOOK WEAKENING SALTS, AND STILL I WEIGHED TOO MUCH

FINALLY, I FOUND A TRUE REDUCER . .

"I Know a Remarkable Way to Reduce Fat!"

I TRIED a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

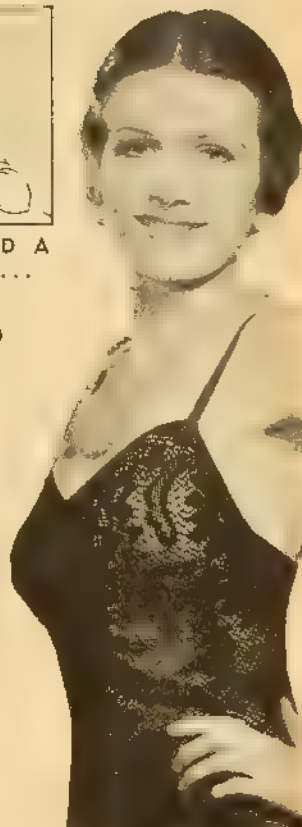
At last a friend suggested a fad called Marmola. That is based on a scientifically recognized reducing principle. I had heard of it before, of course, but I did not fully realize how the use of Marmola has spread the word into more than 12 foreign countries. I know now that it employs a tested principle that does reduce.

Marmola is so effective that it

has become the world's leading remedy for fat. Over 20 million boxes have been sold.

Why should anyone wishing to reduce fail to try this famous remedy, when it has such a remarkable record? The formula is printed in every box. And it is so delightfully simple. Just 4 tablets a day. No starvation diets. No strenuous exercises. No foolish fads. You will feel better because Marmola acts the right way to help turn fat to vim. At all good drug stores. Do not accept substitutes.

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AMERICA'S FINEST OCEAN-FRONT HOTEL

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 10)

1. The group pictured on page 10 includes, from left to right, Valentine Parera, opera singer and husband of Grace Moore, Adolphe Menjou, Veree Teasdale (Adolphe's fiancée), Countess Rina di Liguoro, James Cagney, Mrs. Cagney, Lawrence Tibbett, Charlie Chapin, King Vidor, Paulette Goddard and Sig. Grauman. They were gathered to attend the opera "The Emperor Jones" in which Lawrence Tibbett, motion picture and opera star, sang the title rôle, as well as to hear Grace Moore in "Pagliacci."

2. Marlene Dietrich's nine-year old daughter, Maria, who is the picture of Marlene, will make her screen debut in "Scarlet Pageant," provided the trouble between Marlene and Miss Rachel Smith, teacher and Child Welfare representative at Paramount Studios, is settled. They disagreed as to when the child was to rest and be instructed. Maria will play the rôle of Catherine, the Great at the age of seven. Marlene plays the adult rôle of the queen.

3. Joan Blondell does not fear that she will lose her screen identity by changing her name to Joan Barnes. Joan married George Barnes, film director, on January 4, 1933, which makes her legal name Barnes, and Joan wants to be known on the screen as Joan Barnes from now on. She also wants to let her hair go back to its natural color, which is brown, but she will first have to convince Warner Brothers, to whom she is under contract.

4. The blonde Edwina Booth recently filed a damage suit against Metro-Goldwyn Mayer for \$1,000,000, claiming that compulsory exposure under the brooding rays of the tropical sun while in Africa playing the rôle of the White Goddess in "Trader Horn," resulted in a complete breakdown of her health, caused by some mysterious tropical malady that has made her an invalid. She charges that her ill health has killed all chances for her to continue her movie career.

5. Suing for divorce from her actor husband, James Kirkwood, Beatrice Powers, former Ziegfeld Follies girl, charged the actor with desertion and extreme cruelty and asked the custody of their one-year-old daughter. According to Mrs. Kirkwood's story, she was evicted from her home and she and her baby have been existing solely on the kindness of friends. Kirkwood is the former husband of Lila Lee, also a motion picture player.

6. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married at Rye, New York, on October 30, 1933, after Joe followed Frances East. The pair met while working in "The Silver Cord." Eric Linder, who was also in the cast, had been coarting Frances until she met Joel. When he heard that Frances had announced her engagement to McCrea, he boarded an ocean liner without warning to his family or the studio to which he was under contract.

7. Director Harry Joe Brown, who married Sally Eilers, ex-wife of Hoot Gibson, on September 24, is being sued for breach of promise by Marjorie Gay, film actress. Miss Gay, whose real name is Marjorie Whittier, claims that she has been engaged to Brown for about four years, which the director denies.

8. When Polly Moran married Martin Malone, Los Angeles attorney, on October 21, she did not take William Haines, her friend of long standing, into her confidence, and when Bill first heard the news, he could hardly believe it. Before Polly met

the attorney, there was a very strong friendship between Polly and Bill and they say the friendship was often regarded as a romantic attachment by some folks in the film city. So do you wonder that Haines was surprised and a little put out?

9. Dorothy Jordan has withdrawn from the cast of "Wild Birds," and has temporarily forsaken the screen, in order to await the arrival of the stork. Dorothy is Mrs. Merian C. Cooper, wife of the Radio Pictures executive. Both are now in Honolulu, where he has gone to regain his health.

10. Seldom can anyone connect the name of Greta Garbo in a romantic way with that of any man, but she gave gossips plenty of food for thought when she went house hunting (of all things) with her director, Rouben Mamoulian. The house they were hunting for was one for Mamoulian, but the news has everybody excited and wondering if there isn't a chance that Garbo is romantically interested in the director. She has never shown such a personal interest in anyone since her John Gilbert days.

11. Renée Adorée, who won recognition several years ago for her rôle of Melisande in "The Big Parade," died of tuberculosis in a sanatorium in California on October 5. Renée, who had been in different sanatoriums for three years, was never forgotten by several famous movie stars who helped her financially and went to see her until the end came.

12. The four months-old marriage of Doris Kenyon, stage screen and concert star, and Arthur Hopkins, New York broker, has already hit the rocks. Doris, the widow of the late Milton Sills, screen star, is charging incompatibility in suing for divorce.

13. If you can recall who was going with whom in the days before the talkies, you know that Richard Dix and Lois Wilson were one of Hollywood's most romantic couples. Everyone thought it was a real love affair and would surely wind up at the altar in those days, but after going around together for several years they drifted apart and on October 20, 1931, Dix married Winifred Coe, San Francisco society girl. On June 29, 1933, they were divorced and Dix has taken up where he left off with Lois. Seeing them together again brings back old memories.

14. Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were playing some sort of silly game with the press in regard to their wedding plans. Although everybody suspected that they had been married on October 8, when they went to Las Vegas, they would only confirm the fact that they had taken out a marriage license. However, now that they have admitted that they were married on that very day, as everybody suspected, it makes the merry chase that much silder.

15. The beginning of a romance that is believed to be approaching the serious stage came to light when Lyle Talbot landed in a hospital, with injuries that he received in an automobile accident. Judith Allen, socialite screen actress and the divorced wife of Gus Sonnenberg, former champion heavyweight wrestler, made frequent visits to his bedside, and her constant attention while Talbot was in the hospital told the world that Hollywood could check up another romance.

16. If the rumors we hear are correct, Fifi D'orsay will be Mrs. Maurice Hil, when you

(Continued on page 35)

News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 69)

who has been divorced, maybe you'd appreciate a list of Who's Whose and Who Isn't Whose Any Longer.

Married in 1933: Joan Blondell-George Barnes; Louis Calhern-Natalie Schafer; Constance Cummings-Benn W. Levy; Josephine Dunn-John Lewis; Bille Dove-Robert Kenaston; Alan Dinehart-Mozelle Brattone; Minna Gombell-Joseph Sefton; Buster Keaton-Mrs. Mae Scrivens Hawley (twice); Doris Kenyon-Arthur Hopkins; Lilian Roth-Benjamin Shalleck; Eleanor Holm-Arthur Jarrett; Helen Kane-Max Hoffman, Jr.; Dorothy Jordan-Merian C. Cooper; George O'Brien-Marguerite Churchill; John Wayne-Josephine Saenz; Dorothy Lee-Marshall Duffield; Buster Crabbe-Adah Virginia Held; director Edward Sedgwick-Ebba Havez; Mary Duncan-Stephen Sanford; Clyde Beatty-Harriet Evans; Jean Harlow-Harold Rosson; Pearl White-Theodore Cozzicka; Ruth Hall-Lee Garmes; Sally Eilers-Harry Joe Brown; Boots Mallory-William Cagney.

Alice Joyce-Clarence Brown; Margaret Perry Winsor-Brown French, II; Fred Astaire-Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter; Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez; Louise Brooks-Deering Davis; Marcelle Edwards-Thomas C. Manville, Jr.; Helene Costello-Arturo Del Barrio; Carlyle Blackwell-Avonne Taylor; Lenore Bushman-Dr. W. L. Marxer; Polly Moran-Martin Malone; Frances Dee-Joel McCrea; Bela Lugosi-Lillian Arch; Lucille Browne-James Flavin, Jr.; Jack Dempsey-Hannah Williams; Ethel Wales-John W. Stockton; Mrs. Mabel Cooper Charles J. Bigelow; Adrienne Ames-Bruce Cabot; Andy Devine-Dorothy House; Kathleen Burke-Glen Rardin; Greta Granstedt-Ramon Ramos; Frances Williams-Miguel de Sousa.

And among those who will be married soon after you read this (if not before) are director Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner (the boss's daughter), Benita Hume and Jack Dunphree; Cary Grant and Virginia

Cherrill. And Eleanor Boardman and director Harry d'Arrast are engaged.

BUT before some of these could get married, they had to divorce previous mates. *The year's judge tellers number:* Lew Ayres-Lola Lane; Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor; Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Inez Courtney-Stanley Paschal; Maurice Chevalier-Yvonne Vallée; Adolphe Menjou-Kathryn Carver; Chester Conklin-Minnie Conklin; Janet Gaynor-Lydeell Peck; Jack Holt-Margaret Wood; Alice Joyce-James Regan; Carole Lombard-William Powell; Boots Mallory-Charles Bennett (annulled); Marian Nixon-Edward Hillman, Jr.; H. B. Warner-Rita Stanwood; Elinor Fair-John Daniels; director Edward Sedgwick-Rose Sedgwick.

Ralph Graves-Virginia Goodwin; Patsy Ruth Miller-Tay Garnett; Zita Johann-John Haussman; Aileen Pringle-Charles Pringle (their second); Adrienne Ames-Stephen Ames; Sally Eilers-Hoot Gibson; Judith Allen-Gus Sonnenberg; Mary Nolan-Wallace T. Macrery, Jr.; Jack Hoxie-Marie Hoxie; Richard Dix-Winifred Coe; Max Baer-Dorothy Dunbar; James Murray-Marion Sayers; Dick Powell-Mildred Maund; Rita La Roy-Ben Herschfield; Mona Rico-James Crofton; Margaret Sullivan-Henry Fonda; Carlyle Blackwell-Leah Barnato; Mae Murray-David M'Divani; Barbara Barondess-Irving Jacobs; James Kirkwood-Beatrice Powers; Betty Boyd-Charles N. Over, Jr.; Doris Hill-George Derrick; Gordon Westcott-Anne Westcott.

Among those who may have decrees by the time you read this are Doris Kenyon and Arthur Hopkins; Esther Ralston and George Webb. And are Sidney Blackmer and Lenore Ulric divorced or just separated?

WHILE we're setting down the Vital Statistics, we should, by all rights, also list the Blessed Events and the Final (Continued on page 81)



Screen Snapshots

This only goes to show you that Hollywood parties aren't any different from parties the world over. When everybody's happy, everybody sings. Left to right, Michael Farmer and his wife, Gloria Swanson, Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, are celebrating the fact that Grace is returning to films.

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Three Little Pigs Bring Home the Bacon

(Continued from page 33)

These movie magnates never seem to learn! "United Artists were worried about the Symphonies, but they wanted *Mickey* so they had to take them too. But they asked me to caption them '*Mickey Mouse Presents*,' so as to tie them up with *Mickey* that way, and we compromised."

Now, Walt Disney quietly enjoys their triumph. But he resents actively the humorous insinuation that he is much better off than his rival studios, who have to contend with temperamental flesh-and-blood stars given to fits of temperament, strikes, walk outs, and other lively expressions of individuality.

"We have trouble here, too," he assures you. "Artists are just as temperamental as movie stars any day. And sometimes ideas won't come. Often the public doesn't approve of a picture we've slaved over, and again will like work we are unsatisfied with."

This constant striving for perfection is another instance of Mr. Disney's "oddness." Usually the public's approval, manifested at the box office, is taken for granted as meaning that the picture in question is perfection. Disney isn't made that way. Like all real artists, he strives to satisfy himself and his own ideals as earnestly as any poet in a garret.

Philosopher Explains It All

BUT where modest Walt claims he can only guess, Dean Ray Immel, M.A., Ph.D. of the University of California, thus explains the Symphonies' success.

"Right now they are a vogue and vogues are freak things, as a rule, and difficult to explain. The reason for this one appears to be our love of the unexpected and the ludicrous. There is an almost universal appeal in anything that is really funny. During these times the Symphonies would naturally be more popular and appreciated, there is so little else to laugh at. The fantastic is fascinating because it completely takes our minds off our own problems, off ourselves. And the simplicity of the themes makes for understanding by all classes."

"During this depression we all have had something to fear—just as the little pigs were afraid of the big bad wolf. We have been afraid of losing our jobs, afraid of a revolution, and so forth even though we have kept telling ourselves 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?' When we see the little pigs and their bravery in the same predicament on the screen we laugh. We are really laughing at ourselves in that fantastic form. It makes our wolf seem less terrible."

And Rupert Hughes, the well known novelist, an ardent little pig fan, has another explanation. "I can think of no better reason for the popularity of the Symphonies," he says, "than one suggested by my wife. They make all the fantasies of our child-

hood come true. They bring to perfect reality all the dreams, all the things we wanted to happen when we were very young, which we could never quite visualize ourselves."

Right here the testimony of six-year-old Cora Sue Collins, a popular movie actress in her own right, will be appropriate. She remembered the two reels in minute detail after seeing it once. "And I think the best part was at the very end where the pigs' tails go in and out... and I think the best part was where the pig takes in his 'Wel come' sign when the wolf comes... but really the BEST part was the little hard working pig being able to save the others."

Psychology Okays Them

UNUSUALLY interesting because they reflect so exactly the feelings of Mr. Disney himself, are the comments of Dr. M. M. Metfessel, professor of psychology at the University of Southern California and a recognized authority on our thoughts and emotions.

"One of the reasons for the popularity of all motion pictures is their freedom from the hampering limitations of the stage. In the animated cartoons, this freedom is intensified. The actors are tied down by no laws whatsoever, because realism is not demanded of them. If a tree wants to walk, it walks. Therefore the imagination of the audience has full chance for free play. The utter simplicity and novelty also make for popularity. And we are always interested in something new."

And right from the battle-front of the box office comes this comment from C. F. Narath of the Majestic Theatre, Santa Monica: "The Silly Symphonies appeal to audiences from two years to ninety. When we showed 'Three Little Pigs' we billed it over the feature. That picture had something! We could feel it here at the theatre. When the people came out, they were all humming 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf.' Many came back to see it again grown ups as well as children."

Take a hint, you Hollywood producers. Don't all go whimsical on us, please, in an attempt to imitate the pigs' success. And don't give us a million color-pictures either. (Walt, himself says, "Now I suppose we'll have a run of color-cartoons. They think it was the color that did it.")

The idea is to find some bright new idea of your own, grandly to disregard the current "trend" of public fancy, as Walt Disney did, and, if the notion isn't too Pollyannaish for your hard headed business men, to make pictures merely for the sake of making good pictures. The money angle, you ask? That will take care of itself! You don't see any Big Bad Wolf hanging around Walt Disney's door, do you?



News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 79)

Curtain Calls of 1933 The last outnumber the first, 20 to 16.

The Blessed Eventers number: Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston—a son, Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett—a son, Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee—a son, Richard Dix and Winifred Coe—a daughter; Hal Walls and Louise Fazenda—a son, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce—a daughter, Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allen (do not confuse her with the screen actress)—a daughter, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best—a daughter, Karen Morley and director Charles Vidor—a son; Edward G. Robinson and Gladys Lloyd—a son; Lawrence Tibbett and Jennie Marston—a son, Skeets Gallagher and Pauline Mason—a daughter, Johnny Mack Brown and Cornelia Foster—a son, Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge—a son, Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan—a son; Jack Haley and Florence McFadden—a son. It seems to have been a boys' year. There are only five girls in the whole crop!

Those who answered the final curtain call were Jack Pickford, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Spottiswood Atkin, Walter Hiers, Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Harry Sweet, Ernest Torrence, Louise Closser Hale, Sam Rork (producer), Helen Carlyle, Mike Donlin, Mrs. Raul Roulien, Sime Silverman (editor of *Variety*, the Bible of show business), Mrs. Peg Talmadge (mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie), Renée Adorée, Tom Bay (stunt man), Howard B. (Duke) Worne (producer-husband of Virginia Brown Faire), Wilson Mizner, Jean Mahn and Texas Guinan.

THESE are the answers to the ten questions on page 39:

1. Maybe you guessed it—"Show Boat," in which Laura La Plante starred in 1929. Irene Dunne, whose discovery for films followed her hit in Ziegfeld's stage version, will at last have her big chance to sing for the screen in Universal's new version.

2. A "bolero," according to the dictionary, is "a Spanish dance, illustrative of love-passion." George Raft is the lad who will star in it.

3. We're thinking of Robert Nathan's "One More Spring," recently purchased by Fox. This is the amusing story of the adventures of an antique dealer, a violinist, a banker and a shady lady, who weather a depression winter in a Central Park tool shed.

4. "The Hollywood Party," the successor to "The Hollywood Revue" in which most of the M-G-M stars will cavort; "Fox Movietone Follies of 1934," which will boast practically all of the Fox players, from Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor right down the line; and "Wonderbar," Al Jolson's new picture for Warner Brothers, in which he will have the support of Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell, Warren William, and Guy Kibbee, among others. And Al guarantees that there isn't a "Mammy" song in it.

5. "Coming Out Party," featuring Frances Dee and Gene Raymond, will do the trick.

6. Who ever thought that Clark Gable and Elissa Landi would be co-starred? Columbia has them both lined up for "Over and Over."

7. Naturally, "The Night Before Christmas."

8. Katharine Hepburn, who gets her pay checks from RKO, is the star whom Lasky and you would like to see in the rôle.

9. "The Paradine Case" is to be Diana's first picture, now that she is back from the London stage, and in it will also appear her old friends of "Rasputin and the Empress"

days, John and Lionel Barrymore.

10. 'Surprise' Jeanette MacDonald is to be the girl, and Lubitsch is to be the director. Irving Thalberg, producer husband of Norma Shearer, wanted all three reunited for this picture—and all three were willing, after persuasion. The triangular "feud" which seems to have been more run-or-than-feud—is all off. (Flash! But now the report is that John Gilbert will star in the talkie version of his old silent hit, instead of Cécile.)

RADIO PICTURES did themselves proud with their luncheon to the Marchese and Marchesa Marconi. The huge studio stage was hung with what looked to a ve-struck eyes like white velvet, looped in classical folds. White marble urns held huge white chrysanthemums. A twenty-piece orchestra played Italian music, and the great and near-great of Hollywood were there. Mary Pickford sat next to the Marchese and John Barrymore next to the Marchesa, stars from rival lots, as well as directors and producers, filled the tables, and a genteel hum of voices took the place of the usual Hollywood noise. The high spot of the occasion was when curtains parted to show the actual filming of one of the much guarded "process shots" of chorus girls apparently flying over Rio de Janeiro (for "Flying Down to Rio"). After the camera crane lights and wind machine had done their stuff, the finished shot was run off on a screen, with the great bay of Rio de Janeiro apparently unrolling beneath the plane. Newspaper men rushed for telephones, napkins in hand, for this was NEWS.

FOR the first time in several seasons, the Broadway stage is showing real signs of life—and players who have been associated in the public mind with the movies are chief contributors to the resuscitation of the stage. Marilyn Miller is in "As Thousands Cheer," Lois Moran in "Let 'Em Eat Cake" (the sequel to "Of Thee I Sing"), Jean Arthur is in "The Curtain Rises," Alexander Kirkland in "Men in White," Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews in "Her Master's Voice," Helen Hayes in "Mary of Scotland" (another screen star gone queenly), Laurence Olivier and Jili Fismond in "The Green Bay Tree," Colin Clive and Rose Hobart in "Light Bells" and Tallulah Bankhead in "Jezebel." The former situation is now reversed—Broadway comes to Hollywood for its stars, many of whom, of course, have Broadway blood in their veins and are only Broadway's prodigal children.

CHICK CHANDLER, of *The Wealthy* Chandlers of New York, is one actor who doesn't have to worry too much about the maximum salary question. When he was left a fortune several years ago, he handed it over to his father to manage because "actors haven't any business sense." However, Chick hasn't done so badly for himself. He was getting three hundred a week when Radio inadvertently let his option slip for a few days. After "Melody Cruise" was previewed, they sent for him post haste, only to be told that his asking price was now five hundred a week! He has a contract with them now for five years and another contract with Twentieth Century Pictures, which provides that he goes with them if Radio does not take up an option at any time. So he looks safe, no matter what happens in Hollywood.

LOS ANGELES put on an old-fashioned County Fair down at Pomona and the movie stars went for it in a big way. Clark Gable and his wife, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Monte Blue and John Gilbert were

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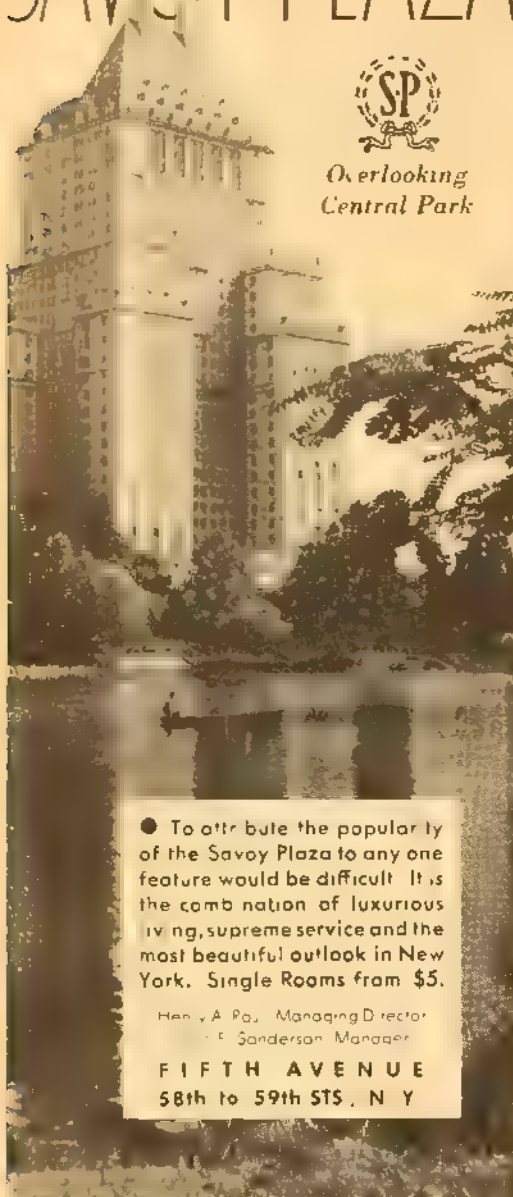


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Remember Baby Peggy? Her winsome pouting won her a place in the hearts of thousands of movie fans. Peggy, whose last name is Montgomery, is now a big girl (as you can see) and she has dropped the Baby from her name. Watch for her in "Eight Girls in a Boat"

looking over the cows and chickens the day we were there, and seemed to be getting a big kick out of it

SPEAKING of Baer, they say Jack Dempsey is very anxious to get his prize ring pet out of Hollywood. Too many charming ladies and too many interesting distractions.

HELEN TWELVETREES' husband, Jack Woody, has gone into the actor-agent business and one of his first clients is... guess who?

THERE are a couple of very slender gentlemen in Hollywood right now. One is the Marquis de la Falaise, Connie's husband, who is attempting to regain thirty-six pounds which he dropped during the filming of his Bali picture.

The other gent who is having trouble getting back his previous poundage is Clark Gable, twenty-five pounds underweight. Clark lost all this weight during his recent illness.

The boy does not look any too well, but he says he feels great and he is going to have a lot of fun "eating on" twenty-five pounds. All dieters beware of lunching with Clark. The other day I watched him order, and get away with, a New York cut steak, mashed brown potatoes, apple pie and cheese during a studio lunch hour.

THE long-legged bird is due for a visit at the home of Dorothy Jordan (Mrs. Producer Merian Cooper) sometime next Spring.

DON'T be surprised if Doris Kenyon becomes radio minded this Fall and signs a contract with one of the big national broadcasting companies. For the past seven weeks Doris has been doing a "mystery halloo" of song. That is, her famous name was not mentioned in the announcing, because she wanted to prove that she could sell her voice as well as her screen name, over the radio. The experiment has been such a success that she may abandon Hollywood for three months and tie up on an exclusive radio program.

GET out your handkerchief and weep a good wail! Helen Hayes will not be back in Hollywood to make another picture for six months. She is determined to do one Broadway play and maybe two. The stage is Helen's first love—and she has not forgotten it even for the gold of a Hollywood contract.

EVERY time there is news of a new divorce, Neel Miller and Dorothy Mackall get a very private little chuckle out of it. Not that Dot and Neil are glad their friends can't make a go of it, but when they were first married, all their pals said it wouldn't last six months. So far they have weathered the storm of matrimony beautifully, while the "pals" have sought the divorce courts.

HOLLYWOOD, in general, deeply resented a certain magazine feature (not a movie publication) which presented two sets of pictures of movie stars, one group representing them "as they really are" in unretouched news flashes, and the other showing them, as their studio cameramen make them appear.

It was a sensational stunt, but hardly a fair one. Snaps can be grossly unflattering, as you have probably proved with your own camera. And from this "display" don't get the idea that such women as Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and many others are not beautiful women. The beauties of Hollywood will stack up against the beauties of the world, in spite of those "news flash" pictures to the contrary.

RICHARD DIX and Winifred Coe Dix were secretly divorced for four months before the news leaked out. Though admitting to a "separation" they failed to announce an actual divorce action granted in Juarez, Mexico on June 29th.

While the former Mrs. Dix is enjoying a vacation in New York, Richard is playing host to his ten months old daughter. Mrs. Dix was granted the custody of the child, but Rich "borrowed" the baby for a couple of weeks while his wife was gone.

LILA LEE'S new "heart" is Nelson Eddy, the singer. So it's no wonder that Lila is taking piano lessons! If present plans go through, the beautiful, but unlucky little brunette and her new romance may embark on a long personal appearance tour some time this winter.

MERVYN LEROY, popular "boy director," and Doris Warner will hit the altar aisle sometime early in December. They're reported to be booked for a world cruise, starting in January.

KEN MURRAY scored a terrific hit in the Los Angeles Belasco presentation of "Lover Please." Lee Tracy's former New York show. The opening night Lee sat in the front row, watched Ken go through his paces, and gave his successor plenty of great big hands. Of course, Sue Carol was there and looking very excited. Heart beats, you know, for Ken.

WHO said the Cary Grant-Virginia Cherrill romance was cold? The local telephone company knows better! Cary's long-distance calls to Honolulu have almost amounted to a dividend raise in the company's business. Virginia, you know, is in Honolulu with Cecil De Mille's "Four Frightened People" company.

IN regard to the matter of "dubbing" dialogue in American pictures for foreign release, France has ruled that full program credit must be given its native actors who double for the American stars. Just how this is going to work out has not been decided, but it seems as though things are

(Continued on page 87)

The Answers to Ten Questions That Baffled Hollywood This Month

(Continued from page 57)

6. Are stars overpaid, or aren't they?

That burning, baffling question of the day is Hollywood's prime topic, for the NRA hopes to lower and prevent "unreasonably high" salaries. It is the general consensus of opinion in Hollywood that movie salaries are not too high. Here are some strong pro-arguments for maintenance of present-day film salaries:

Demand governs salaries. If a merchant has wares to sell, he pays more money for his advertisement in a widely-circulated publication than he pays for a similar advertisement in a paper of smaller circulation. When a producer makes a picture, he is willing to pay more money for a star who will draw a million people into a theatre than for the star who will draw a thousand.

The stars point out also that their earning years are very limited; the average screen life of a star is five years. Although they earn high salaries during that period, their income taxes are relatively high, as are their other expenses. At the end of the five years, their total net earnings are not nearly so great as they would be if the same stars got half the salary, but endured for ten years.

The favorite anti-big salary argument, of course, is that no movie star is worth more than the President of the United States, who receives only \$75,000 a year—or less than \$1,450 a week—and gets no pension, either, when his days in the limelight are over.

7. How long will Greta Garbo remain in Hollywood?

Hollywood is always asking that one—but there is a brand-new answer! Lately, the Swedish star has told friends that she will permanently retire from professional life, following conclusion of her present contract. Since her agreement calls for only four pictures to be made in two years, it seems likely that Garbo will retire in 1935. She plans to go then to the estate she recently purchased in Sweden.



Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes, surveying the damage done to their home by a recent fire, register Life's Darkest Moment

8. What is behind Joan Blondell's expressed desire to change her name?

Joan has notified her employers—Warner Brothers-First National—that hereafter she would like to be billed as Joan Barnes, which became her legal name when she married George Barnes, ace cameraman, last January. She likes the name better

than the one under which she achieved fame, believes that the public might, also, and doesn't see why she shouldn't be known by it, anyway. She argues that people go to see her for the rôles she plays, not because her name is this or that.

The oldest residents cannot remember another case of a screen player who has ever attempted to change his name—his trademark, as it were—after stardom came along. But, of course, there can always be a first.

Suspicious Hollywood scents a press-agent, rather than a serious intention, behind Joan's announcement. But Joan's sincerity has never yet been questioned, and she has never been known as a publicity-hunter—so it's only fair to give her the benefit of the doubt. Meanwhile, will her employers acquiesce to her request—even as an experiment?

9. Did John Warburton actually strike Alice White?

Alice testified before a grand jury that the handsome English actor "blackened both my eyes and beat me up all over the street," but denied that her former fiancé, screen-writer Sidney Bartlett—from whom she had been estranged a short time previous—later told her of any scheme to gain revenge on Warburton, except that he would like to "sock" him. She testified that she had worn dark glasses in an effort to keep Bartlett from learning of her alleged injuries.

Miss White was called before the grand jury as a result of an alleged "confession" by one of two men held for robbing and beating Warburton. This man claimed that Bartlett had hired them to hold up the actor (who had only eight dollars on his person), afterward beating him so that he would be disfigured and made unattractive to women. (Warburton, however, was not disfigured by the beating he received.) The grand jury took no action against Bartlett, thus clearing him of the charge.

10. Have the actors organized?

This question ties up with question 6. Many of Hollywood's leading stars, dissatisfied with the representation given them by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, withdrew from the Academy and formed the Screen Actors' Guild, with Eddie Cantor as the first president. The greatest cause of dissatisfaction came from the belief that Academy officials were not protecting them sufficiently in negotiations about the proposed NRA code for the movie industry.

The players wanted to register vigorous protests against the inclusion of any provision fixing maximum salaries. They even warned of a possible walk-out of stars if such a provision were included. (P. S. Just the same, one was—making producers liable to \$10,000 fines if they paid "unreasonably high" salaries, though no definite maximum sum was fixed.)

Stage players are protected, so far as working hours and salary and contract arrangements are concerned, by belonging to Actors' Equity. Several years ago, during a studio strike, attempts were made to form a Hollywood branch, which were unsuccessful. This is the first time that screen players have organized for their own protection.

The new Guild, now representing scores of leading stars and hundreds of important players, is expected to become one of the most powerful factors in the motion picture industry's progress, working in conjunction with the new Screen Writers' Guild.

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"I've Got to Make Myself All Over!" Says Mary Brian

(Continued from page 60)

"Naturally, Marie Dressler is more loved and envied than anybody. But I can't wait forty years for that success. Both Helen Hayes and Ann Harding have tremendous appeal, but if and when I am ready for such rôles as they play, I will still have to convince a director of my ability.

"While I have always wanted to do comedy-dramas, such as Constance Talmadge did, I presume Norma Shearer best portrays all that I would like to become. She is essentially a lady at all times but plays the siren with beautiful subtlety. Kay Francis, too, has a provocative love-technique that somehow manages to escape vulgarity.

A Siren at Heart, Herself

"OF course, all women are sirens at heart, just as Mr. Lubitsch was recently quoted as saying. We may not admit it, but our desire is to please, particularly the opposite sex. That's why we have to change with the styles. Men would not be seen with a woman too 'pleasingly plump' when the pencil figure was wearing the latest slenderized model, any more than they would date a girl displaying a dress to her knees when fashion had decreed the long skirt. So you see we are caught in the net. We are compelled to follow the trend, to an extent; yet if we fail to establish an outstanding individuality, we are lost in the shuffle.

To a neutral jury it might look as if she were not doing half-badly to be earning two thousand dollars a week, at her age, and to have such a following as she does have. But if she is really determined to do it, Mary can make herself over. You will recall that she made a big step in this direction when she became the hard-boiled, gun-chewing blonde in the Cagney picture "Hard To Handle." She got raves for that work.

But I made up my mind to do my duty, so I reminded her of Lois Wilson, who once decided she was fed up with "sweet" rôles, and abandoned herself to gay, red evening gowns, new cigarette cases, etc., all of which didn't seem to propel her much further. Also, of Betty Bronson (who began with Mary in "Peter Pan") Betty decided that she must become worldly-wise and took an apartment for herself, and announced to the public that she would do sophisticated rôles. I wager you ten cents that you can't recall anything she did after that.

I couldn't, however, forget the exception Bette Davis, the little Jennie Brown-haired girl who remained with Universal until the termination of her contract and left no impression on the picture-minded public. She took stock of herself and became a blonde, both in looks and personality, and you know only too well what a swell job she did for herself.

But Mary proceeded with her analysis.

Couldn't Be the Gaynor Type

"OF course, there is the Janet Gaynor type of appeal, which will never lose its popularity, no matter whether the vogue is Heplburn, Hayes, West or Garbo, but my face is too round for that elfin type. Besides, I weigh one hundred and ten pounds. The contour of my face precludes the possibility of the spiritual quality being made so apparent on the screen as in Janet's case. So my help doesn't lie in that direction.

"When I began pictures at the age of fifteen I had no definite ideas, except a determination to succeed. Somewhere along

the line, I have been dubbed a 'nice girl,' which would appear to come under the same classification as a woman of indeterminate years about whom we can find nothing further to say than 'She is so sweet.' At any rate, the producers believe that the public finds the nice girl deadly monotonous.

"Personally I think my chief fault is lack of showmanship. To be professional and lack this is like trying to make bricks without straw. I have never dressed spectacularly, but doubtless I would have been wiser to dress as the public expects picture people to dress.

"It has been next to impossible for me to discuss my intimate, personal affairs with interviewers. As a result, they have called me 'poor copy.' They have been good enough not to call me dumb, but they did say I was lacking in 'experience.' I have lived quietly and unostentatiously. I have not learned to splurge. According to a late great press-agent, this is poor showmanship.

What! No Sex Appeal?

"ON this subject of sex, why is it that people still insist that ignorance and innocence are synonymous? Directors refuse me for rôles requiring much sex appeal. They think I am entirely void of it. Maybe I am, but in person men seem to like me."

Without a dissenting voice, Mary Brian is still rated the most popular "date" in Hollywood. She has long been courted by Buddy Rogers, William Bakewell, Dick Powell, Russell Gleason, Donald Cook, Ken Murray, Jack Oakie (it was Mary and not Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who first influenced Jack to dress up) and many others. But you will observe that there are no flagrant ly sophisticated men in this group.

"Directors say I must know about life," continues Mary. "Now actually, all women who are twenty-four—and that includes all the 'nice' ones, too—know something about the lure of sex. It is intelligently taught in some of the progressive schools now, and far less bagaboo made of it than formerly.

"Would you ever select me for a chorus girl if you were casting? No. Neither do the directors. Yet I began my career in the chorus of a Broadway stage show."

"They refuse to allow me to play a hard-working self-made girl. Yet, what am I if not just that? Mother and I came to Hollywood when I was only fourteen—not yet through high school—and depending wholly upon what I expected to earn. And I had no preparation whatever! If you think I don't know every anxiety, every sacrifice that any hard-working girl experiences, you have another guess coming.

"Perhaps you wouldn't pick me out of a crowd for a vaudeville act? Yet I have made two very successful vaudeville tours to the key cities.

Proof of Her Will Power

"I WAS determined I wouldn't just go out on the stage and say, 'I am so glad to be here. I hope you enjoyed my last picture.' I don't think it is fair to cheat the public in that manner. I danced and probably surprised plenty of people.

"As I told you, when I am afraid of something, right then I make up my mind to do that thing. I was scared to death to appear on the stage, and for that reason I knew the vaudeville appearance was absolutely necessary for me. So I rehearsed dancing. If I had called the whole thing off, I would have been defeated even in my picture work.

Aside from that, I wouldn't take a million dollars for the experience.

'Now, just what can I do about my present predicament?' I can change the style and even the color of my hair, I can wear clothes I have never worn; I can speak with an accent; I can smoke cigarettes and take a cocktail, I can get myself a new 'line' but this will all be of small avail. It is easy enough to put on a close-fitting, slinky gown, and amble across the room with a Bowery toddle, but it takes more than that."

Mary thinks she must make herself over. But listen to what Welford Beaton of that confidential trade journal, the *Hollywood Spectator*, thinks—as evidenced by this excerpt from his recent review of "One Year Later": "... the cast is headed by a girl with a box-office name—Mary Brian... If I were producing, I would rather have Mary Brian in a cast than any actress who has come from the stage in the past few years. She gives a fine performance in this picture."

When you see Mary in her new picture, "Fog" a mystery thriller, maybe you can tell her how to produce a composite personality that will dazzle the directors and delight the public. Or will you be telling her that her present type is too rare and too precious to be sacrificed?

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 78)

read this. Hill, who is a medical student and son of a wealthy Chicago manufacturer, would like to give up medicine and take a position in the Orient, but Fifi has her heart set on being a doctor's wife and wants him to continue with his studies. Furthermore Fifi doesn't care to live in the Orient.

17. Adrienne Ames was granted a divorce decree from her husband, Stephen Ames on October 30 and on the following day she married Bruce Cabot also of the films. Ames, whom she married in 1929, is a wealthy New York broker. This is Adrienne's third marriage. When Adrienne whose maiden name was McClure first arrived in Hollywood, she was known as Adrienne Truex, which was her first husband's name. She has a young daughter who is living with Adrienne's mother in Fort Worth, Texas.

18. If present plans materialize the Gaylor-Farrell team will be re-united for the picture, "The House of Connely." This will be the first time Janet and Charlie have been co-starred since Farrell asked Fox to release him from his contract over a year ago. Charlie gave up his Fox contract because he believed his film career was at a standstill and wanted to be free to choose his roles. Charlie had been Janet's co-star for over five years and he wanted a chance to do something different. Free-lancing for the past year, he has appeared in a variety of roles in such pictures as "Aggie Appleby," "Maker of Men," "The Shakedown," and "Girl Without a Room."

19. It was recently reported that Charlie Chaplin, the noted film comedian, was kidnapped some time last August and held overnight until his attorneys produced \$20,000. If true, Chaplin is not the only one who has had to pay racketeers for his freedom, for a number of other members of the film colony have been kidnap victims under similar conditions. But Chaplin denies that he was kidnaped or has forfeited any money to racketeers.



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MARIE DUNNE, Dept. K 1

122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Claudette Colbert is about to play *Cleopatra*, with De Mille directing. But Josephine Hall (above) beat her to the beads and gauze, all in a spirit of good, clean fun—playing opposite Andy Clyde in the Educational comedy, "Frozen Assets"

Hitler Demands Return of German Stars

(Continued from page 33)

business has dropped almost half this last year. One has only to try to imagine a similar situation in Hollywood to sense the complete collapse that would follow if this race, which has an inborn genius for the business of amusing mankind, were eliminated from our studios.

Fern Andra, Illinois born, but regarded in Berlin as a German, says, "In Germany, nearly all actors or actresses who have made a brilliant success on the screen have had either Jewish blood or Jewish connections. What is left of the industry now with that race removed I cannot imagine. Producers, directors, writers—they were all Jewish. Most of the great picture geniuses who have come to Hollywood from Germany Laemmle, Lubitsch, Freund, Pommer Stern, Dupont, Dieterle—are proud of their race. Yet under the plan for 'pure-Aryan' films these men, who have done so much to build up American pictures, would never be called back home."

Fern Andra formerly (by marriage) a German baroness, has been an independent picture producer in Germany for years. Now her studios are closed, because there are no "pure Aryan" directors, scenario writers, or actors to work in them. Yet though her fortune seems lost Fern Andra pays an actress' tribute to Hitler.

"Magnetic" she describes him. "I listened to him speak for an hour. His German is not the purest; he is short and rather insignificant-looking, but when he speaks, what an actor! His timing was perfect, he played on that crowd like one trained in the technique of the theatre. One almost feels that he can attain the unattainable!"

Lubitsch Says It Can't Last

ERNST LUBITSCH, who has now been in America eleven years and has taken naturalization papers, does not agree with Miss Andra. "Nationalization of films is not only an impossibility but it is stupid," he declares. "Art is not a matter of geography. Imagine an American picture gallery excluding Rubens and Rembrandt because they were Dutch, or the Metropolitan Opera House presenting only native operas! Hollywood has been the capital of filmdom because it has developed types and personalities from all over the world. Perhaps we have been too ready to read genius into foreign pictures. Perhaps we have sent abroad for talent when we could find just as good at home. But foreign stars have been proud to come here because we did better

by them than their own countries. No foreign player has ever left America to return home to make films while he was still successful over here."

Is it possible for even the powerful Herr Hitler to make purely German pictures? Most of the great stars who have made German films famous have not been Germans at all. Emil Jannings had an American father and was born in Brooklyn, Pola Negri went to UFA from Warsaw, Vilma Banky from Budapest, Anna Sten from Russia, Asta Nielsen, called "the mother of all German film stars" is a Dane; Nils Asther went to UFA from Sweden, as did Garbo; and Lilian Harvey was born in England. Josef von Sternberg, director-discoverer of Dietrich, is American-born. Hitler himself, was born in Austria. German citizenship had to be conferred on him before he could become Chancellor.

America Won't Do Likewise

THERE seems little danger of Hollywood's following the Nazi example and turning out those who are not "pure-American," whatever that would mean. We should lose too much in our Garbos, Chevaliers, Dietrichs, Colmans, Howards, Novarros, Landis and Lederers.

And we should not gain much by recalling our expatriate stars in Herr Hitler's projected fashion. For as a matter of candid fact, not only was Lubitsch right in saying that foreign stars never leave Hollywood until they have begun to slip, but it is equally true that top-notch native-born players seldom depart for Berlin, London and Paris studios unless they are what is brutally known in Hollywood as "washed up" here. The Fairbankses are the exceptions that only prove the rule.

Yet still the shadow of Hitler's hand lies over Hollywood. Germany buys twenty-five per cent of American films exported abroad. Will the Nazi racial ban extend to the personalities in Hollywood pictures? What, for instance, would Herr Hitler's followers do to an Eddie Cantor film? Boycott it? As for Charlie Chaplin, he is already the target for Nazi propagandists, who attack him in vicious articles, calling him "the pitiful pseudo funny man." He is not attacked because he is of the Jewish race, but because of a report circulated in Berlin that in his next comedy Charlie was not going to wear the familiar black toothbrush mustache because he "might be mistaken for Adolf Hitler." And Charlie was only joking!

News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 82)

going to be a bit more complicated. You can readily see the possibility of complications when you consider a typical billing. "She Done Him Wrong" will be credited in Paris something like this:

Lady Lou . . . Face and Hips by Mae West
Voice and Sound Effects by . . .

JOAN CRAWFORD isn't the only star on the M-G-M lot to have a luxuriously appointed portable dressing room. Greta Garbo, who has admired Joan's push-about bungalow ever since she saw it when they were appearing together in "Grand Hotel," now has one of her own. The interior is all done in Nile green.

EVERY once in a while, the motion picture industry indulges in a little inside ribbing in its pictures of which the general public has no knowledge. The favorite gag in a matter of this sort is to place the name of an actual studio executive on an office door, or to name a character after some real person.

Now, for the first time, comes George Spelvin to the movies. Needing a name, any name, for a billboard in Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory," they chose good old George. Instead of using some other name for an inside laugh.

What? You don't know George? Why, George Spelvin is as famous in theatrical tradition as Mansfield, Duse, or Bernhardt, although no actor (so far as known) has ever really been named George Spelvin. The name was invented many years ago by a theatrical producer who had two "bit" parts in a play, not wanting it known that one actor was playing both bits, he concocted the Spelvin moniker. It looked well on the program.

The play was a success, and the producer became superstitious about Spelvin. Every piece he produced after that had good old George's name on the program. Other people in the theatre adopted the superstition until, at one time, George Spelvin was appearing simultaneously in eighteen productions on Broadway, five in Chicago, and heaven only knows how many on the road.

Now, he makes his movie debut!

VINCE BARNETT, who has ribbed so many people, had to take it again, himself. While in the East recently, his proposed five week vaudeville tour was canceled when he received a telegram ordering him to return to Hollywood to begin a new picture. He rushed back by plane, only to learn that another of his Hollywood victims had finally got even.

STRANGE place, Hollywood. The mail was filled recently with enthusiastic press announcements from Helen Mitchell (Mrs. Oliver Morosco), concerning the ambitious plans her newly formed company had for Sari Maritza, who was then making the first of a series of pictures. The week following completion of the picture, entitled "Wartles," Sari filed suit for salary that she alleged was due her.

FOURTEEN musicians tooted and played, rehearsing steadily day and night for a week. They had fond expectations of an extended engagement at the Chicago World's Fair, during a personal appearance that a promoter said Janet Gaynor was to make there. But the impresario, known to them as "Colonel," unfortunately vanished and when they appealed to Janet, they discovered she knew nothing of his plans, in fact, she didn't even know the man. So fourteen musicians, unable to understand

why they should be made the butt of the stupid practical joke, picked up their instruments and tried to find jobs elsewhere.

BABY LeRoy went to court to have his contract with Paramount approved. Arriving nearly an hour late, he met an irate judge, who announced himself sick and tired of tardiness from all movie people. LeRoy, while not understanding the words seemed to understand that he must be on his very best behavior. He was so completely charming that the judge called a recess and took the amazing child into his private chambers, where they played together for three quarters of an hour.

Paramount planned to team LeRoy with W. C. Fields in a series of feature comedies. Ordinarily, the baby gets along with anyone but he has taken some sort of dislike to Fields. He howls whenever the comic comes near him. The teaming had to be called off.

REMEMBER when Universal and Paramount fought for the services of Gloria Stuart? A similar situation has now arisen, with M-G-M and Twentieth Century each contending a priority right to Peggy Conklin, of the New York stage. M-G-M took an option that was apparently forgotten until Twentieth Century furnished the railroad fare for the girl to come to Hollywood. She is here now, but jobless until the dispute is settled.

ADDIE McPHAIL, widow of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, has returned to Hollywood for the avowed purpose of resuming her screen career. If there were any doubts in her mind regarding the high esteem the film colony held for her late husband, they were quickly dispelled. She was greeted with open arms. Seemingly, Hollywood is determined to do for Addie what it failed to do for Arbuckle.

TWO months ago, **MOTION PICTURE** published an exclusive story, telling how Americanized Greta Garbo has become, and advanced the theory that this was the real reason for her return. Now, we learn that Marlene Dietrich has fallen under the spell of that most American institution, the Sunday comic page. Every week Josef von Sternberg's secretary collects all the funny papers, and sends them off to Marlene, wherever she happens to be.

DOUBTLESS you are a little weary by now of this talk of the warm relationship between the ex-wedded Carole Lombard and William Powell. It does strike us as amusing, however, that soon after Carole was seen about in the company of Gary Cooper, Bill started taking out the Countess di Frasso.

"BOMBSHELL," the Jean Harlow-Lee Tracy picture, burst upon Hollywood like a bombshell. It was known that a satire upon the film colony was being filmed, but until the first preview, it was not known how many actual incidents from the lives of the movie great had been incorporated into the script.

Hollywood took it all good naturedly and laughed heartily at itself. There were a lot of inside laughs, too, that the majority of the American public will not understand. That crack about "Ben Veranda," for example. Ben Piazza is the M-G-M casting director. The three sheep dogs gag was aimed jointly at Jeanette MacDonald, who owns a sheep dog, and Alice Brady, who is even sillier about her dogs than the "Bombshell" movie star.

But if you have seen the picture, maybe

FADED BLONDE HAIR IS OLD HAIR!

Make Your Hair Radiantly, Youthfully Beautiful with Marchand's



EVEN if you are only that your blonde hair has become faded or darkened. IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have. AND CAN HAVE!

Blondes! Keep your hair radiantly, youthfully, beautiful with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Pretty hair is your birthright. Enjoy all the admiration and envy it can bring you!

Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you like—one that's becoming to you. Try a single secret treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your secret. New Hair growing in can be matched skillfully. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair On Arms And Legs Unnoticeable With Marchand's

Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest nose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. It does not make the skin hard or scabby. It does not promote a coarse re-growth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT For the right results get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—MARCHAND'S.

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail
For a regular size bottle 1-33c plus 10c P.O. 45
or by money order or stamp to C. Marchand &
25, West 41st St., New York City



Dept. 148

Your Name _____

Address _____

Druggist's Name _____

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100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER



MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE



HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

50 PER CENT OF ALL
DISABLING DISEASES
START WITH A COLD

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR
COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY \$26,000,000

NEW FORMULA BRINGS
QUICK RELIEF



SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus Infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.



CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

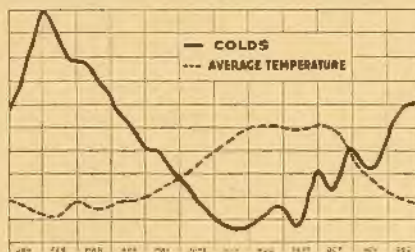
HEXIN relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body which need strength to resist cold germs.

The mildly alkaline formula of HEXIN also helps neutralize the acidity which nearly always accompanies colds. It will not harm the heart.



NEXT DAY AND BETTER

Temperature and Colds



Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.



AT OFFICE - NO LOST TIME



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 88)



'Way back in the last century, some girls had that "come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime" look, as Mae Clarke proves in the role of Satin in "Nana," Zola's famous exposé of the world's oldest profession. It introduces Anna Sten, Russian star, to the American screen in the title rôle

A bit irked by criticism of a modern setting for her particular type of vamping—the critics said no millionaire would have fought to marry Mae as millionaires did in "I'm No Angel"—she is determined to stick to the gay Nineties.

Incidentally, it is said that the feud that threatened, but never matured between Marlene Dietrich and Mae West was really caused by their rivalry over the film version of "Catherine, the Great." Both ladies wanted to play Russia's Queen. Marlene won.

Why not, we say, allow each to play the rôle? It would be fun to view the widely contrasting interpretations.

PERHAPS you heard Charlie Chaplin deliver his radio speech in behalf of the NRA. The papers made much of the event because it is the first time Charlie's voice has been heard since the Liberty Loan drive.

If you thought he sounded nervous, you were right. The boys at the broadcasting studio say they have never seen a worse case of "mike" fright. According to report, Charlie dropped his typewritten speech on the floor and had to ad lib until someone picked it up for him. That accounts for those feeble jokes with which he opened his talk.

HOLLYWOOD will soon be shy two of its leading lights. Katharine Hepburn, as soon as she finishes "Trigger," will depart for New York and a Broadway play. She is not due back at the studio until June 1, 1934.

Mae West, likewise, shakes the Hollywood dust from her hips upon the completion of her next picture. But instead of Broadway, Mae will tour the country, doing one-night stands. There is an obvious crack there. Something about one night being all the average blood-pressure can stand of Mae.

WAS he kidding or was he serious?

Sam Hardy, on a tour of England, dropped a line to a friend in Hollywood. Enclosing some clippings, Sam commented, "Look at the swell publicity I'm getting."

The headline on the first item read "The World's Most Outrageous Dresser Arrives."

THAT newspaper war that is amusing all of the film colony, except those who have figured in it, continues. There are no lengths to which the daily scribes will not go for an item they can publish in advance of their competitors. If you read the recent announcement that Billie Dove Kenaston was to have a baby eight months hence, you

will realize how far Hollywood reporting has gone. If they could find a reliable fortune-teller, his forecasts would be printed as "news."

CENSORSHIP goes to silly extremes in any medium. The motion picture isn't the only sufferer. Example:

The song hit from Lilian Harvey's "My Weakness" is "You Can Be Had." Radio broadcasters deemed this too ribald, so they changed the title to "You Can Be Mine." The published and recorded music retained the original title. Only to protect our delicate radio ears were the censors busy.

JOAN BLONDELL won't change her name or allow her blonde hair to grow back to its natural brown, the studio has decreed. Joan says she will, too. Barnes is her legal name and brown is her legal hair. Joan Barnes, née blonde, she'll be, or know the reason why.

So the battle rages. And for what?

HAIL and farewell. Claudette Colbert by hurrying home from Hawaii arrives just in time to wish Norman Foster *bon voyage* at the pier. He is leaving for Hawaii for a vacation. She was there with the De Mille troupe on location for "Four Frightened People."

We've heard Claudette and Norman are married, but we can't prove it.

OF course, it was one of the Mad Marxes who wanted to know if any of those NRA codes came with two pairs of pants.

IT may seem a little late for an earthquake story, but maybe you read about the two shocks we had in California last month. The second was the most severe and came late at night.

Ted Healy, who lives in the same apartment house, but not the same apartment with his Stooges, had retired and was asleep when the quake occurred. It awakened him and while he was lying in bed trying to collect his wits, the Stooges stormed his apartment.

"What," they demanded, "did you do just then?"

DIS AND DAT: Walt Disney, creator and majority owner of Mickey Mouse, pays himself the magnificent salary of \$150 a week. The rest of his profits go back into the business. . . . Elizabeth Allan lost the chance to play opposite John Barrymore because of illness. And to make things worse, her ailment was one of those things that sound comic. It was water on the big toe. . . . Katharine Hepburn shuns the spotlight these days. But at a preview of "Little Women," when the film broke, she graciously satisfied the customers by making a charming speech from the stage. That old creed of the actor. The show must go on. . . . As Polly Moran said just before she was married, "Fun's fun, but I can't laugh this off." . . . People are constantly getting Ralph and Frank Morgan mixed up and we hear that neither one of them likes it. . . . Don't-know-from-nothing item. Bob Montgomery bought two pairs of rabbits for his place in the country. Said four were enough. . . . Jean Harlow is now immortalized. Hers are the latest footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. . . . Which recalls a gag line from Jean's latest picture. "I'd like to run barefoot through your hair." Jerry Hoffman says they had Sid Grauman in mind when they wrote that.

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay— to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

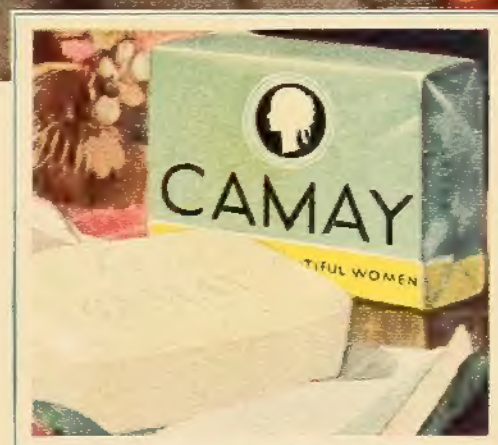
You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copy, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY the Soap of ★
Beautiful Women

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

TO BE A FOOTBALL REFEREE

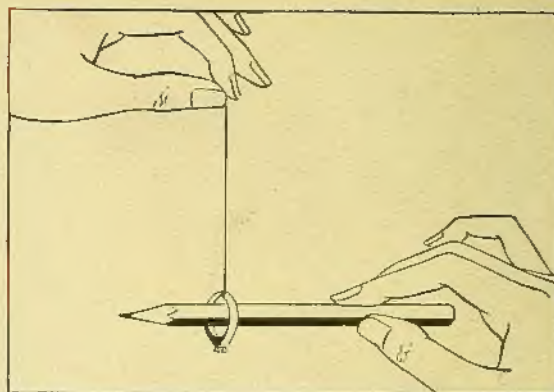


(Above) IF YOU WANT TO SEE nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!



How are YOUR nerves?

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for you to make a full-arm swing downward and up...and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli, (Camel smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke *Camels*. I have tried them all—given every popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. *Camels* don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the long-

er I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their *mildness* and *rich flavor*."

* * *

Many smokers have changed to *Camels* and found that they are no longer nervous...irritable... "jumpy." Switch to *Camels* yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that *Camels* do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

—THEY NEVER GET
ON YOUR NERVES